Week ending March 10 1956 *Every Wednesday Fourpence*

JOHN BULL

BEGINS THIS WEEK

The Grapes Of Paradise

by H. E. BATES

ZOO QUEST

by David Attenborough

the things they say!

Why did the gateman demand our matches and lighters ?

Because some of the chemicals they make here are highly inflammable — and they're not even taking risks with casual visitors like you and me.

I get your point. With all these gases and acids about, it's pretty obvious that there must be a lot of accidents.

Not at all! Take I.C.I. — one of the big companies in the chemical business. They're very keen on Accident Prevention — keep records, in fact, of every mishap that occurs.

Keep them a secret, too, I expect !

Not at all. The figures are published quarterly, and what do you think they show ? *Something rather staggering ?*

Yes, indeed. The average works out at less than one accident for every 100,000 man-hours worked in I.C.I. factories — and 100,000 hours is one man's entire working life.

Yes, but that figure would surely be for serious *accidents only.*

Wrong again. To I.C.I., ' accident ' means any occurrence that keeps a man off any shift beyond the one in which it happened — a sprained ankle, for instance.

You seem to have it all off pat.

Well, I work for I.C.I. as it happens, and I know that some of our plants have operated for 2,000,000 man-hours without a single accident!

JOHN BULL

189 HIGH HOLBORN LONDON W.C.1

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REPORT FROM THE EDITOR

H. E. Bates at work in his summer house at Little Chart

WHEN H. E. Bates sat down to write a new story for JOHN BULL, his mind was already working on the plot. Then he remembered a magnificently built Polynesian girl he had seen in Tahiti two years ago. Around her he weaved a story, *The Grapes Of Paradise*, which begins on page 9. "It is a totally different story from the one I had planned," he says. "It thrust itself in front of the first—which I still haven't written."

Although it was suggested by a real person, *The Grapes Of Paradise* is fictitious. The sadness running through it sums up the sadness which Bates feels for Tahiti; the Tahitians, he says, are among the most beautiful people in the world, but for him they live in a beautiful island of disenchantment. He was glad to get away, "but now I realize how much I have to say about it."

Herbert Ernest Bates likes travelling, but he is always glad to return to the Kent village of Little Chart, where he and his wife Marjorie have lived for twenty-five years. Their home is an old granary converted into a charming house, warm and comfortable. They have two daughters, both married, and two teenage sons.

Now fifty, Bates works about four hours a day, writing everything by hand in his study or in a small summer house in the garden. "Writing is just about the nicest creative thing," he says, "and we writers are the only free people left. Nobody can force us to write—and nobody says that we mustn't work more or less than a certain number of hours."

"I DON'T think there's any JOHN BULL letter that can't be illustrated humorously," says Leslie Starke, the placid Scot who draws the cartoons for "Free Speech" (pages 4 and 6). So far, he has never failed to produce a witty drawn comment on every letter submitted to him—and he has been illustrating "Free Speech" since 1949.

Apart from an occasional round of golf, in which he uses a single club, Starke's life revolves cosily round his art. He works methodically (sometimes in pyjamas and a dressing gown) in a room overlooking Primrose Hill, "just a lion's roar from London Zoo," with an endless supply of tea laid on. He doesn't find drawing easy. The main difficulty is the face of the central character, which "sets the tone." Once he has got that right, the rest falls into place.

Like Bates, Starke is happy. "It's a good life," he says, "if you don't mind not knowing where your next cheque is coming from."

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is the best mattress

you can buy

—because it is the world's most comfortable mattress, and the most economical too. With no stuffing or upholstery to get lumpy, it gives undiminished comfort for years and years. Dunlopillo is healthy because its millions of self-ventilating air cells never create dust or fluff. A Dunlopillo mattress never needs turning, and provides the ideal density for restful bodily support. In short Dunlopillo brings new comfort to life. Prices from 12 gns (3′ 0″) and 17 gns (4′ 6″).

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Dunlopillo **BOLSTERS** *and* **PILLOWS**

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Only an expert can know which among thousands of fine Swiss watches are exactly the ones you ought to see.

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Your jeweller is *interested* in your new watch from Switzerland . . . and as proud of it as you are.

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Time is the art of the Swiss

SWISS FEDERATION OF WATCH MANUFACTURERS

Free Speech

- **Courtesy earns a bouquet for Britain**
- **Time will expose the picture forgers**
- **Factories fight the menace of lead**

As an American student, I cannot agree with those who say that Britain is not courteous.

I came here last September, and have met with nothing but the most kind and courteous treatment from everyone with whom I have had dealings of any sort—social, business and casual.

We Americans are kind, and we have good manners, of a sort. But the people one meets here in chance encounters, such as shopkeepers, bus conductors and policemen, are far more obliging than in America.

Some weeks ago, I broke a tendon in my foot, and had to use crutches. These so-called dour Scots cleared the way for me in the street, police stopped traffic, old ladies scurried across yards of hallway to open doors for me, and children pushed each other into the gutter to allow me to pass.

You Britons are not only courteous, but thoughtful. Which is much rarer.—J. WHITE, Randolph Cliff, Edinburgh, 3.

Holiday Husbands

I have heard it suggested many times that Britain's economy would improve if more of her people emigrated.

Two Australian girl cousins of mine have spent holidays here in recent

years, and both have returned home with English husbands.

As a long-term policy, this seems to have its points. — W. GRAVES, Grantham.

Waiting Parents

If there are far more people seeking to adopt children than there are children to adopt ("Free Speech," January 28), surely children's homes could all close down.—H. DAVIS, Wollaton, Nottingham.

"Children's homes are still essential, for some children cannot be adopted because of their unsuitable background," says the National Children Adoption Association. "Other children are being maintained, if only in part, by parents who will eventually want them back."

Forgers' Art

The case of forgery of "old masters" ("Free Speech," February 18) is very intriguing.

There is the case of Bastianini who, without any prompting, produced the most lovely busts that were easily mistaken for Florentine work of the fifteenth century.

Dealers (i.e. rascals) got hold of Bastianini, kept him comfortable and sold his work as antique. What happened then I don't know, except that English collectors bought his finest stuff and they probably bought them as the work of Donatello.

But they are now considered—and I think rightly—to have such beauty and such value as to make them worth while exhibiting in their own right.

If Michelangelo finds the solution of a problem set by his genius on the one hand and his experience in the world on the other, and the world chooses to hail him as a master, every authentic thing he has done has a tremendous value.

A clever imitation of his mannerisms could take in the generation in which such forgeries were made, but there is no exception to the rule that the forgeries that impressed the eighteenth century are futile in the understanding of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries.

So it can truthfully be said that forgeries, since their power of imposition is not permanent, have a limited life and therefore a limited price. And anyhow their value is suspect.—GERALD KELLY, Portman Square, London, W.1.

Sir Gerald Kelly, who was president of the Royal Academy from 1949 to 1954, has achieved popular fame through his television appearances.

In Retreat

It occurred to me, while reading "How Canklow beat the poison" (JOHN BULL, February 11), that there might be large-scale lead poisoning in industries where employees work with solder, which consists largely of lead. —G. L. THOMAS, Clyngwyn Road, Ystalyfera, Glamorganshire.

The government Factory Inspector's latest report says there were fifty-two cases of lead poisoning in industry in 1953, compared with 1,058 in 1900. No cases were recorded for soldering, plumbing and printing workers, but eleven occurred in electrical accumulator works, eight among shipbreakers and five in paint manufacturing industries. None of them was fatal.

Light Problem

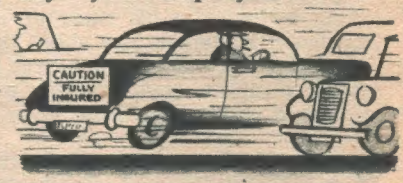
At night, I find it extremely difficult to see bus drivers' signals. Isn't it possible for buses to be equipped with trafficators? — B. HURST, Benfleet Park Road, South Benfleet, Essex.

"We have been unable to find a suitable trafficator which will stand up to heavy daily use," says London Transport. "But we are experimenting, as we have done for many years."

Cautious Veterans

Many people are agitating for compulsory tests for older cars, presumably because they do not own one themselves and consider that old cars are the cause of most road accidents.

Older cars are not capable of very high speeds, and are usually covered only by third party insurance—a



great inducement to care on the road. But the better-off driver with a post-war car is fully insured, and is more careless in the knowledge that his pocket will not suffer. — T. G., Portsmouth.

Top Secret

How do so many words in the English language lose their meaning and impact? I have seen a hairdresser's

CONTINUED ON PAGE 6

they stay up by themselves!

Why do 4 million men wear GRIP-TOPS regularly—not just because "they stay up by themselves" but because they are knitted throughout from Wolsey's miracle blend of Wool and Nylon yarn with additional nylon high splicing at heel and toe. Superb comfort; wear without end; a magnificent range of colours—Grip-tops give you everything. They are the finest sock value on the market.

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Available at Wolsey Stockists throughout the country.

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BIG dog or LITTLE

RED HEART is RIGHT!

Give him the food he really needs. 'Red Heart' is the complete and perfect diet, rich in lean meat, fresh liver and cod liver oil. All dogs love it—and thrive on it. 'Red Heart' is so full of goodness that it can be mixed with scraps from the table and thus made even more economical.

CVS-61

The RIGHT feed for EVERY breed

FREE—*Six picture cards of 'Red Heart' dogs. (1st or 2nd series) in exchange for 6 Red Heart labels per set. Send labels with your name and address in block letters, stating which series you require, and mark your envelope "dog pictures"*

There's also 'Red Heart' CAT FOOD

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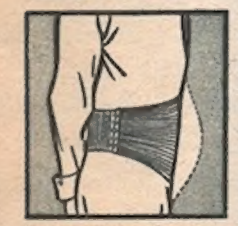

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Free Speech

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

advertisement for permanent waves (which are temporary) and, at half the price, "semi-permanent" ones.—S. BAINES, Derby.

"Permanent waves are so called because they remain until they grow out after about three months," says an expert. "Marcel waving, which is done with heated tongs, lasts two or three weeks, and disappears if the hair gets wet.

"Semi-permanent waving, introduced from America, can be given between permanent waves, and lasts for only six or seven weeks."

Courting Days

Thirteen years ago, we applied for court permission to marry ("Free Speech," February 11), our ages being nineteen and twenty-nine.

Deliberately trying to keep couples apart merely has the reverse effect, and in defence of each other throws them together.

Magistrates, often parents themselves, and dealing with problems daily in public life, *should* decide in cases where there are parental prejudice and trivial grounds for objection.—MRS. T. M. SPIERS, Redhill, Surrey.

. . . I married four years ago when I was eighteen and my fiancée sixteen. I was due to be posted to the Far East on active service. Luckily, our parents consented, but had they not done so, we would not have hesitated to seek a magistrate's permission.

Surely, if at eighteen I am old enough to fight and possibly die for my country, I am old enough to decide whether or not to marry.—S. ALLUM, Avon Road, Burnage, Manchester, 19.

Fair Return

A young man I saw waiting at a railway station near some unattended newspapers picked one up and began reading it. After a few minutes, his girl friend arrived, and he carefully folded the paper, replaced it in the box and dropped a penny in with it.

A fair enough "hire charge," I think.—D. LAINE, Bollo Lane, Acton, London, W.3.

Stopping The Rot

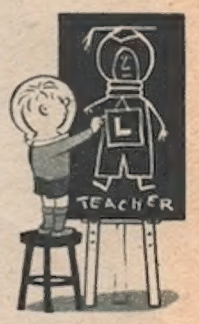
It surprises me that in this modern age cases of food poisoning are increasing.

Is misuse of the refrigerator the cause? Cooked meats go in and out, day after day, perhaps edging a little more towards decay each time. There must come a stage when the food is not noticeably bad, but sufficiently so to cause food poisoning.—MRS. FREDA SHARKEY, Yeading Avenue, Harrow, Middlesex.

"Any use of a refrigerator helps to prevent food poisoning," says a doctor. "When cooked meals, which have not been kept in a refrigerator or properly stored, are reheated, then there is a danger of infection.

"Food poisoning is increasing because many more people are eating communally in works and school canteens. Infection can reach five hundred people instead of one family as before."

Their Sphere



After encouraging my class of seven-year-olds to paint on the subject, "Journey Into Space," I was asked to sketch a space station on the blackboard. I was rather proud of my effort. "That's not an Earth space station," came the chorus. "It's a Martian one. Look at the air-locks and those turrets!" Humbled in the face of such superior knowledge, I allowed several "experts" to enlighten me.

Sir Winston Churchill has cast grave doubts upon technical education in Britain. But this has convinced me that he doesn't know half of it.—K. D., Circular Road West, Liverpool, 11.

Comfort For Cats

Dr. Francis is not the only man in Britain to make a living exclusively out of cats ("Low Knap Is The Cat's Whiskers," JOHN BULL, February 4).

I have done so for the past three and a half years, since I turned what was a part-time hobby—keeping a cats' boarding house—into a full-time job.

Dr. Francis and his wife have plenty of work with an annual intake of 530 cats, but my staff and I deal with an intake of about 1,500—although, unlike Dr. Francis, we cater for all kinds of cats, and Siamese are in a clear minority.—F. J. CORINA, Coll Dene Cattery, Odsal Top, Bradford, 5.

. . . When I read that Dr. Francis had given up a successful medical practice to run a home for cats, I was filled with indignation.

That he should want to live in the country is perfectly understandable. But why should he waste his talents on cats?—G. JUDSON, Lickey Rock, Bromsgrove, Worcestershire.

"For every medical post advertised in Britain at the present time, there are at least a hundred applicants, so there is no shortage of doctors," says Dr. Francis. "But many people wish to board Siamese cats."

John Bull pays one guinea for each letter published in "Free Speech," and at the usual rates for photographs. Readers with problems (other than medical) should write to the John Bull Free Advice Service, whose experts answer questions by post

THE COVER

KEEPING up with the Joneses is one thing, but getting in first is a very different matter. And nothing proves it like an ambitious paperhanger's cold misgivings. With contemporary gaiety vibrating round the walls, the cover couple aren't too happy about being guinea pigs to a trend. Modern wallpaper, they've suddenly discovered, has a horrifying habit of unrolling into a kaleidoscopic riot of colour—and it has to be lived with. "I wouldn't be surprised," says Zelinski, "if those pioneers started another new fashion—living in the kitchen."

SENIOR SERVICE
Satisfy
20 CIGARETTES
SENIOR SERVICE
The Perfection of Cigarette Luxury

There's something better to eat in Summer County

Chance encounter in Byways Lane

Facing you—Squire. Back to you—old Jem. Behind old Jem—a salmon. Neat a salmon as ever fell into Jem's net . . . didn't expect to meet Squire in Byways Lane: too bad if he fancies the salmon. Can't refuse him—and Jem had it in mind for a few tasty meals, along of some fresh tomatoes, with wholemeal bread and Summer County. Wise, is Jem. He knows there's butter in Summer County Margarine. . . .

Did *you* know there's butter in Summer County Margarine?

There is. Full-cream butter, that gives Summer County its specially-appetising flavour—*country-fresh*. That's what makes it such a welcome guest in country kitchens. Town ones, too. And Summer County's good for you. Use it, and you're storing up sunshine vitamins even if it's snowing outside . . .

Maybe Jem'll lose his salmon—but he'll still enjoy his supper, with Summer County Margarine on the table. So will you.

True country-fresh flavour

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Summer County Margarine

Contains 10% full-cream butter

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SCY28-1054-G

Beginning a great new story by H. E. BATES

THE GRAPES OF PARADISE

I JUST caught sight of him about three o'clock in the afternoon, at the start of a humid and torrential squall of rain on the waterfront of Papeete. He was tall, lean and English to the bone. His hair badly needed trimming at the neck. His shirt of pale lavender, sun-faded and worn outside his crumpled brown trousers and with a small design of darting indigo fish across it, was remarkably subdued for those parts and had not been washed for some time.

It was too early to tell whether he was ill, drunk or troubled, or perhaps all three, but he was remarkably oblivious of the rain.

He was in fact not drunk. He had not been drunk for some considerable time. All he was doing was to watch the passage of a little motor schooner cumbrously beating shorewards through the gap of coral reef a mile or two out to sea. The flow of ocean in and out of the gap was very fast there, and he kept beating his hands together like a man watching a

"I'll come and say goodbye," the girl said. He was unmoved. He neither opened his eyes nor answered

horse-race in which he is afraid his favourite cannot win.

I watched all this through the open door of a barber's saloon. He stood quite alone on the waterfront in the rain, staring at the schooner, the breadth of the street away. Inside the reef the squall of rain became sometimes so dark that beyond it there appeared to be continuous plumes of dirty smoke where normally the vast breaking crests of spray on the collar of rocks would have been like the rearing waves of pure white horses.

Somewhere between plumes of smoke and rain the schooner, rolling like a squat white drum, occasionally disappeared. All the time, far beyond her and the smoking reef, the Pacific flared in sunlight, a harsh clear glitter outside the storm, and beyond it all the fantastic mountains of another island glowed like half-melted pale green candles in the sky.

When the rain suddenly stopped he stood watching for nearly another ten minutes until the schooner drifted in at last and tied up below him, fifty yards away. As soon as she tied up he started to walk towards her. Then he suddenly stopped, seemed to change his mind completely and turned on his heel.

That was the first time I ever saw his face. My impression had been that he was about to meet someone off the schooner, that they hadn't arrived and that he was disappointed. Instead I saw that his eyes were extraordinarily savage: not savage with anger or the intensity of disappointment but inwardly savage, with pure blind melancholy, perhaps against himself. That was the second impression I got: that, when he came and sat in the barber's chair next to me, hair and face and temples still streaming with rain, he was living in a state of emotional sightlessness.

He picked up a towel from a wash-basin and started to rub his face and hair. His shirt was open down the front, showing a chest of pale amber hair, and he dried that, too. When he had finished he lay back in the chair, shut his eyes and stretched out his arms to the wet knees of his trousers. The hands went limp, turning downwards, loosely, as if he were very tired, and as they did so I saw a scar, ten or twelve inches long, a raw brown-pink slash running from above one wrist to the muscle of the upper arm.

The barber began to comb and cut his hair without a word. Soon after he had started a girl came along the pavement outside, wheeling a bicycle. She stopped, leaned one foot against the bicycle and stared at the four men in the saloon.

"Hallo, Harry," she said.

She spoke in good English, but he made no effort to open his eyes or answer. She was not wearing the customary *pereue* of Tahitian girls, but a sleeveless dress of pale green, with no design at all. Her hair was not plaited but was brushed in two dry black bunches, like combed rope, over her bare shoulders. She was pretty in the pert and delicate way, light and bird-like, that comes when Chinese blood is mixed with Polynesian, and her waist and legs were wonderfully fine and slender.

For another ten minutes or so, leaning on the bicycle at the open door of the saloon, she went on talking to him, saying that she hadn't seen him lately, asking if he'd seen this person or that and why did he never come dancing at the New Pacific now? All the time he neither opened his eyes nor answered.

"They tell me you're off on the next flying boat," she said, but even that had no effect on him.

By this time the sun was shining again and the air, delicious after rain, was steaming hotly. The handles of the girl's bicycle glittered as she twisted them away. Her hair had steel blue lights in it as she flicked it back over her shoulders and said, for the last time: "Well, tell me if you do, Harry. I'll come and see you off. I'll come and say goodbye."

IMPASSIVELY he ordered a massage. He seemed to know instinctively, without turning his head, that she had left. A few moments later he actually opened his eyes. All the keener edge of their savagery had now become blurred as he turned to me.

"English paper you're reading?"

"Yes," I said. "Have it if you like. You're welcome."

"No, thanks."

"Absolutely the latest," I said. "Only two weeks old!"

Jokes that fail with strangers in strange places are colder than icebergs. He did not answer.

Outside the saloon the street had already steamed to concrete dryness. At the extreme end of the reef the rearing lines of sea-foam pranced with splendour in the sun. Beyond it the distant island slopes glowed with deeper, clearer green, the candle fissures almost purple in the far brilliant air.

"They tell me the other island is very beautiful," I said.

"Not been there yet?"

"Not yet."

"Schooner twice a week," he said.

His voice was unexpectedly soft. The short, cryptic words that ought to have made it sharp had in fact the opposite effect. He gave an impression of talking quietly to himself, meditating.

"Anywhere to stay when you get there?" I said.

"Rest house."

"Any good?"

"I don't know," he said. "I haven't seen it for a month or two. I daresay it's good. I daresay they'd fix you up."

This, the longest piece of conversation he had offered so far, was also remarkable because during the final part of it he actually turned and gave me a glance that had in it the beginnings of a smile.

"What are you here for?" he said. "The usual thing? Looking for the lost Loti Lotus Land or the Gauguin ghosts?"

These sentences were neither cryptic nor bitter. Nor were they exactly sarcastic or sad. The odd thing about them was their emptiness. They might have been a few spiritless puffs of air let out of a paper bag.

"I'm not sure what I've come for," I said. "It's like eating mangoes for the first time. You know they won't taste like apples but what else do you expect? You don't know."

He may have thought that this showed, perhaps, a slightly higher degree of intelligence than anything I had said before, because now he said: "That'll save you a load of disappointment."

The barber, who had finished my hair, now gave me the towel. For a few moments I sat reflectively rubbing my neck and face and ears. It was so hot already after the rain that my eyes were damp with sweat and my throat was parched.

"Like to join me in a drink?" I said. "When you've finished? It's pretty hot in here."

"I don't," he said. "Don't drink, I mean."

"We could get a taxi and drive back to the hotel," I said. "It's cooler there."

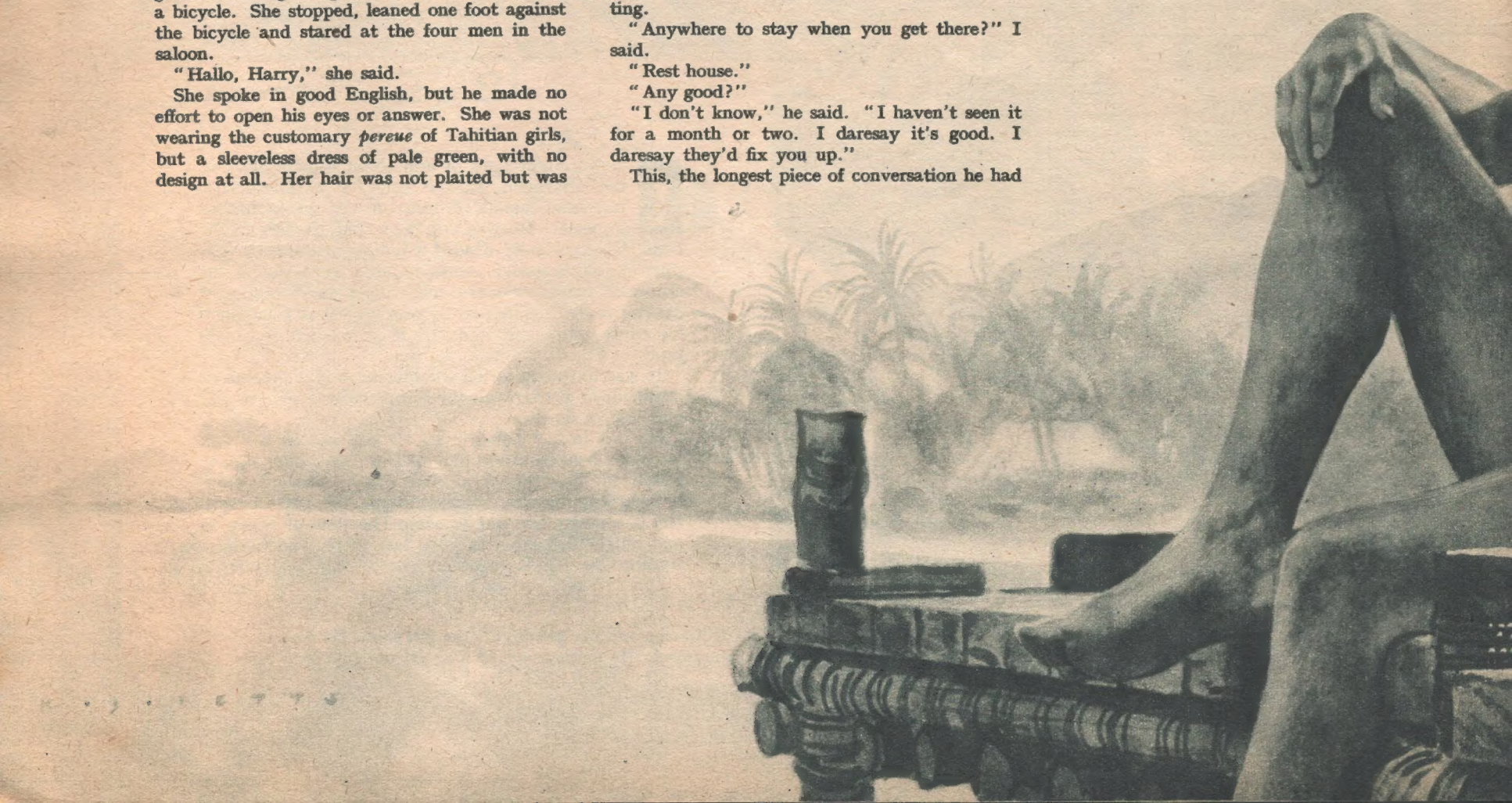
"I'll be ten minutes yet," he said.

I couldn't make up my mind whether this meant he was coming or not until he said: "I'm afraid I'm only an orange-juicer. Or passion fruit." He actually gave a laugh in that dry puffed way of his: and again nothing, I thought, could have been more passionless.

Twenty minutes later we were driving along the waterfront, past the *Poste et Telegraph* building, the last shops and the thick bright hedges of hibiscus and begonia that flank the gardens about the black sand shore. Heat beat up in slaty glittering waves from the tarmac, sprang from waste stretches of dust under thin, high palms, and turned the yellow balls of creepers on fences to fleshy, shimmering gold.

At the hotel he ordered, as he had promised, an orange juice. The handsomest of Tahitian girls brought it, with a glass bowl of ice and a soda siphon, on a bamboo tray.

"Nice to see you again, Mr. Rockley," she



said. "Soda? Have you enough ice in there?"

He made no answer. Instead he sat looking beyond the low tidal stretches of water inside the reef and then far beyond the rearing crests of the reef to where, more fantastic than ever in the more westerly angle of sun, the mountains rose in the harsh fine air.

"Cheers!" I said.

"Good luck!" he said.

He lay back in his chair, eyes empty again and almost completely transparent, his arms flat out, the palms turned down, the fingers twitching. The scar was like a jagged brown boot-lace. And suddenly I realized that his habit of sitting with his palms downward, twitching his fingers, must have grown unconsciously out of pain.

Then he saw me looking at it. He looked surprisingly neat and respectable now, with his fresh-trimmed, fresh-massaged hair, but the barber had not been able to trim his voice or change its tone at all. It was still remarkably soft, passionless and unabrupt as he ran one finger down the scar, stared at it in silence for a moment and then said. "Take good care nobody does that to you. . . ."

He was single, unassuming, friendly and about thirty-five. He had come down to Tahiti from Vancouver, crossing the Pacific by way of Fiji, Samoa and the Cook Islands, three months before, full of conventional thoughts about romantic places.

He had been overworking and had been given three months' leave by the firm of industrial bankers for which he worked in Vancouver; when I talked to him that first afternoon, over his unassuming orange juice, with his eyes almost always fixed on the mountains, he had already taken a month more than his time.

At first there was nothing at all unconventional in what he had to say. There is a common expression about Tahiti which is, I suppose, often made about other places but is made with more truth about this island that everyone expects to be a paradise. Two weeks there are too long, it says, and a year not long enough.

He had not been on the island more than a day or two before he felt convinced of the truth of the first part of the expression. When he arrived by flying boat, in the cool of a tropical evening, an hour before dusk, the waterfront was gay with a great crowd of girls in brilliant crimson *pareues*, women in pretty summer dresses, men in bright-patterned shirts, almost all of them carrying *leis* or garlands of orchid, gardenia, hibiscus, jasmine and *tiare* flowers. Most of them were shouting, laughing, throwing kisses and waving their hands; a few were weeping with joy.

There were so many flowers that he felt that

"You swim long time," she said, sitting beside him. Evidently she had been waiting for more than an hour

ILLUSTRATED BY K. J. PETTS

every garden had been stripped. The air was sweet and sickly with the scent of them.

Out of all this, as he stepped ashore, a plump Tahitian girl came forward, put her gold-brown arms on his shoulders, laughed softly and kissed him splendidly on the lips.

After that she put a *lei* of pale yellow frangipani round his neck and then suddenly she left him to do the same service for another visitor.

Then another girl put another *lei* round his neck, this time of small cherry-coloured hibiscus and jasmine, and then another girl a third. He felt slightly embarrassed by this excess of flowers, which were by now piled like Elizabethan ruffles up to his ears, but he laughed, too, when he saw that all his fellow passengers were also hidden under flowers, some of them under six or seven *leis* of purple, white, orange and vermilion, some of the women wearing enchanting *couronnes*, gay little hats of purple bloom.

That night at the hotel, on the edge of the lagoon, under electrically lighted coconut palms that sometimes fluttered in a wave of cool wind coming off the sea, where until long past midnight fishing boats with flares were floating about the black water, he drank champagne and did a little dancing to the three-piece orchestra of two men and a girl, who played mostly Tahitian tunes.

The girls also sang songs and as time went on he thought all the songs had in them the same indescribable sadness. Two other girls, one of them not more than twelve, both bare to the navel except for a strip of covering across their breasts, did several native dances, swinging and rolling their hips, making gestures of voluptuous and graceful supplication with their light-brown hands, swishing their light skirts of hibiscus bark—not grass, as he had always imagined—dryly in the night air.

He had several dances with one or two of the women passengers from the plane and one each, out of courtesy, with the two air hostesses. He bought a drink or two at the bar. The atmosphere had in it a great sense of careless easiness. Frenchmen danced with Tahitian girls; Frenchwomen with Tahitian men.

"It was all very nice and free and easy and fresh to me," he said, "except that I might just as well have been in Nice or San Francisco or Paris or Sydney, though I didn't know it at the time."

In the morning he took a taxi, drove into the town, cashed a cheque at the Bank of Indo-China and looked at the shops. The cashing of the cheque took him the better part of an hour and a half and in less than half that time he had looked at all the shops.

The town had something of the air of a dusty and fly-blown French provincial town crossed with a mid-western shack-town populated mostly by Chinese. A few ancient white-painted schooners were being loaded with crates and barrels and bicycles and all manner of goods on the waterfront, where loafers sat about drinking milk out of green coconuts or bottles of fruit juice out of straws, spitting at the dust.

"It all looked so bloody fly-blown and so tatty," he said.

That very morning, in fact, he cancelled his sea passage of three months hence and took a ticket on the next plane outward.

"It was as bad as that," he said, "and what made it worse was that nobody seemed to care a damn whether I went or stayed."

Then he went back to the hotel, put on his swimming trunks and went down to the sea. The beach of black sand, such as there was of it, looked like a foundry yard. The lagoon of black water illuminated by the flares of mysterious midnight fishing boats had become a stretch of tidal junk-yard, one foot deep, filled with countless black clusters of sea-eggs.

At the end of fifty yards of jetty sprouted a

He looked up . . . and forgot that she had seemed ugly. All he saw now was how superbly she was made—like an idol

lump of coral rock. On the rock a French girl with a figure as flat as a boy's and legs like white peeled sticks sat staring down into forty feet of dark blue water from which rose shadowy mountains of rust-brown coral, murderous as steel.

"I'm glad you came," she said. "If there's someone watching, the sharks don't follow me."

He decided not to swim. Instead he went back to the bar, sat on a high bamboo stool as he was, in his swimming trunks, and dejectedly ordered himself a whisky. He sat drinking till three o'clock.

He was still drinking but still more dejectedly, three weeks later.

By that time he had toured the island twice, had eaten sucking pig several times and had not taken a single swim in the repulsive sea-egged lagoon. The dazzling beaches of white coral of which he had heard so much and of which he had actually seen pictures on posters simply did not exist.

In the shops he bought as presents a few shells of polished mother-of-pearl, a boar's tusk and a piece of native wood-carving in the form of a pineapple cut in half. He sat in bars and watched dust blow out of pot-holes in the road outside and then blow back again. He drank with all sorts of people in all sorts of places and tried to laugh, above the sound of loud-speakers that might have been blaring out of any street between Sydney and Southend, at the jokes they made.

"Better take a *vahine,*" someone said, "and settle down and get it out of your system."

He agreed that the girls were beautiful. He was fascinated with the splendid handsome readiness of their laughter. He liked above all a certain air of surface shyness in them, the grace of their walk on flat feet and the black strength of their waist-long hair.

"Anyway that's neither here nor there," he said. "I never saw one I really wanted. The point is that I suddenly realized that what they say is true. Two weeks are too long and a year isn't long enough. Just before the plane was due to leave I cancelled my ticket and booked myself a place on the next one. Then I did the same with that one. And at the end of the month I was——"

He stopped speaking. Since he had hardly given up, for a single second, looking at the fantastic molten candles of the island across the lagoon, it cannot be correct to say that he suddenly looked across at the mountains. It is truer to say, perhaps, that he woke up. The remarkable air of sightlessness in the very pale eyes was dispersed for a moment or two, enabling him to focus properly on something that it was now obvious he had not been seeing before.

He also pointed—with, I noticed, his scarless arm.

"At the end of the month I was over there." He turned to me now, as he had done in the barber's shop, with the beginnings of a smile. "I don't suppose you saw the schooner come in this afternoon? The one in the squall?"

"I did," I said.

"That's the one," he said. "Takes four hours. That's the way you get there."

The schooner, throbbing and rolling like a butter churn, loaded with everything from cows and bicycles to barrels of *vin ordinaire,* took him over to the island almost exactly a month after he had first arrived in Tahiti. By that time he had drifted into a habit of getting mildly drunk every night and sometimes also at the lunch hour: not because he particularly wanted to get drunk but because, of all the pleasant pointless things there were to do, this required least energy and passed most time.

As the schooner drew nearer to the island he gradually realized that the mountains he had previously seen only from a distance were really less like candles than gigantic chimneys, massed

Continued on page 36

This Is My Life

by EAMONN ANDREWS

Eamonn and his Irish wife, Grainne

The gay and romantic success story of broadcasting's master of blarney

AS the bell sounded for the end of a boxing match in Dublin one Friday night in 1941, the winner ducked through the ropes and raced down the crowded aisles into a broadcasting box. While seconds towelled him down he coolly gave a commentary on the big fight of the night, then stepped back into the ring to win a championship.

The curly-haired, fast-thinking Irishman was Eamonn Andrews. He has been glibly talking his way out of tight corners ever since.

Now Andrews tells the story of his rise to fame . . . from his childhood in the street where Bernard Shaw was born . . . through his incident-packed schooldays . . . to the events that have made him broadcasting's busiest and most colourful personality.

This Is MY Life is a frank and revealing record of his amusing attempts at amateur acting, his hectic existence as an insurance man, boxer and freelance broadcaster, and his courageous decision to throw up a promising career with Radio Eireann to break down the "massive indifference" of the B.B.C. to his talents. That decision cost him his savings, sent him roaming the streets looking for work . . . and finally brought him to stardom.

Andrews takes readers behind the scenes to confide his secrets as peace-making chairman of *What's My Line?* and quick-witted compère of radio's *Sports Report.* He captures all the moving suspense of television's outstanding success *This Is Your Life,* and conveys his unruffled charm as the disc-jockeying *Pied Piper* and genial uncle of children's TV shows *Crackerjack* and *Playbox.*

And, apart from his encounters with famous personalities, there is the tender story of his romance with the lovely Irish girl, Grainne, who became his wife.

Today, at thirty-three, Eamonn Andrews is broadcasting's master of all trades. *This Is MY Life* is an intriguing and entertaining biography, glowing with enterprise and humour. Illustrated with photographs that record every phase of Andrews's sparkling career, it begins . . .

IN JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK

Black knights with wings

by WILFRED GREATOREX

Elegant in black and gold, they put four supersonic fighters through breathtaking paces. . . . Captain Immig calls it "schmaltz"

The Black Knights scream skywards in their four rakish Hunters. Many experts think that they are the R.A.F.'s greatest ever aerobats

IN their eager pursuit of aerial sport and showmanship, the aerobatics team of 54 Squadron, R.A.F., will try almost anything once in their rakish Hawker Hunter supersonic jet fighters. The four jets emerged one recent morning in tight diamond formation from a patch of cloud over their base at Odiham, Hampshire. As they flashed over the main runway at 450 m.p.h., their wing tips three feet apart, the leading plane did a complete roll while the rest kept station.

On landing, the fliers were complimented by hardened but respectful witnesses. "It was a failure," says the formation leader, Dick Immig, a six-foot United States Air Force exchange pilot with a crew cut. "The wingmen flanking me had to loosen a little to give me room. We decided it was too tatty to do in public."

Immig and his four companions—the team has a permanent reserve man—take such pains over their precision flying, and in planning and executing novel permutations of the orthodox loops and rolls, that they are now regarded by many experts as the greatest aerobatics team in R.A.F. history. So far, they have put on their show for Service and public audiences seventeen times, and have represented 11 Group and the R.A.F. at air displays in Britain and abroad.

Fighter pilots from a slower age find their antics breathtaking. A retired squadron leader, impressed by what he called their "coolness and courage" over Farnborough last September, sent a pound note for them to have a whisky on him.

The team pooh-poohs the risks, though each pilot knows that there is a slim margin for error. They are also highly self-critical. At the International Air Display at Geneva last summer, they tried to match the crack U.S.A.F. Sabre team, the Acrojets, for slickness and daring.

"The boys did wonderfully," says Immig, "but we were up against it. The Acrojets have been together for years and are full time at the game. They do something like two hundred shows a year. They're pros." Normally, the Odiham team do squadron duties, which limit the time they have for aerobatics practice.

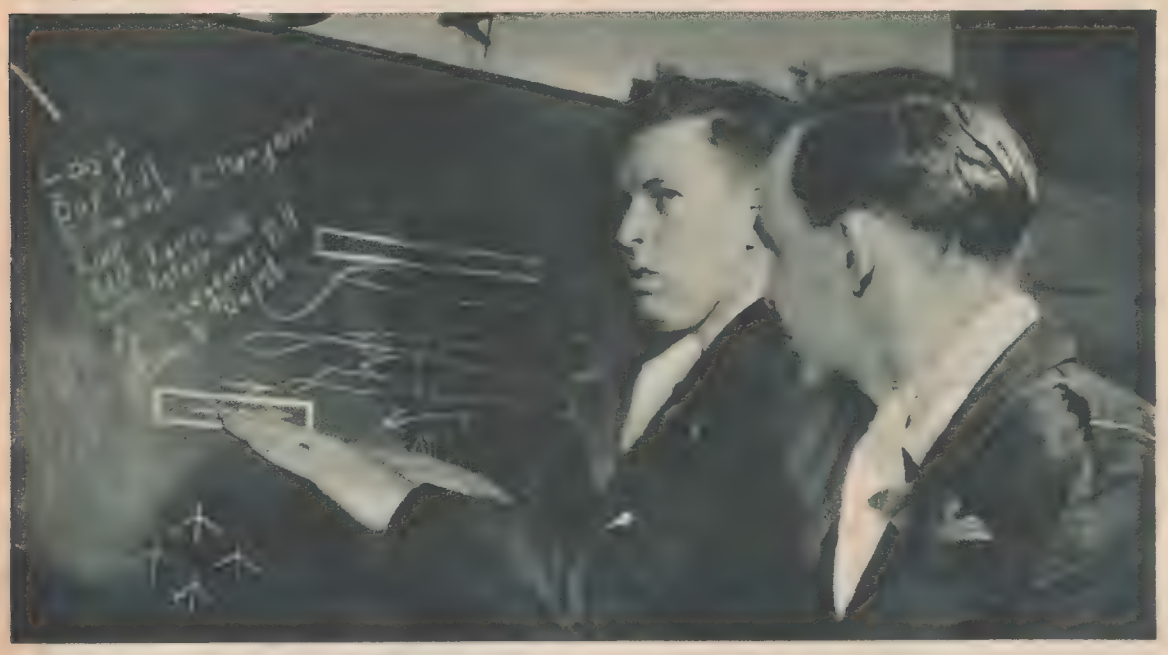
In a moment of verbal inspiration during the Geneva show, a French radio commentator labelled the Odiham team "les flèches volantes" (the flying arrows). Among themselves, however, the team prefer, with a touch of jet-age romanticism, its self-styled Black Knights. Once, it asked to be so known officially—the R.C.A.F. team in Europe is recognized as the Skyblazers and an American Navy team as the Blue Angels—but such levity was scotched somewhere in the Air Ministry.

Nevertheless, the team appears in striking all-black outfits—flying suits, gloves, boots and helmets—and gold scarves. On each pilot's left breast pocket is a motif showing four Hunters in a dive. This is also painted on their helmets. This sartorial elegance, and their polish in the air, they refer to as "schmaltz."

THE team carries its showmanship to fine limits, both on and off the ground. Everything is done with simultaneous exactitude: their appearance, their walk-round inspection of the parked Hunters, the donning of helmets, and the firing of the cartridge starters. "Even their cockpit canopies slam shut at the very same moment," says one regular witness.

From that moment of sealing-in, every manoeuvre is ordered by Immig over the radio, with action on his closing word—"Now!" A

Left: Immig, Hamilton, Noble and Curtis. The team carry their showmanship to fine limits with precision routines on and off the ground



Blackboard planning by Immig and Curtis before the team is airborne. "Above all," says one of them, "the public like us low, tight and noisy"

A ground crew hears Immig's report on the Hunter's behaviour. In the air his terse comments keep the Black Knights in order

split-second difference in timing between one man and the rest can ruin a performance.

Of all the tricks in the team's customary nine minute show, the most spectacular is the bomb burst. Coming out of the top of a loop, the Hunters are turned belly to belly in a vertical dive and each pilot releases orange smoke from canisters housed in the position usually occupied by the tailskid. The aircraft splay apart leaving vivid trails.

The team has evolved two programmes—one for aeronautical experts, the other for the general public. "There are quite complicated moves which don't look very spectacular," says one member of the team. "Above all, the public like us low, tight and noisy." As leader, Immig has to position the team so that spectators may keep them in view all the time. If the formation gets even slightly ragged, his voice tends to show annoyance over the radio.

"None of us has ever done such precise flying," says Immig. Once, as they came out of a loop, he spotted a newsreel cameraman who seemed badly placed a few yards in front of the crowd. He moved the formation over a few feet to give the cameraman a better shot.

At the moment, several 54 Squadron pilots are competing for places in the team as Bernard "Nobby" Noble and Pat Swoffer, the permanent reserve man, have been posted.

Immig is often the butt of high-spirited leg-pulling by his colleagues. "It took us some time to get used to his accent," says Swoffer, a handsome Channel Islander of twenty-six. The team likes to remember the time when Immig called over the R/T for a fuel check and they promptly went into echelon starboard.

On and off duty, the team stick together, in the words of another 54 Squadron pilot, "like five musketeers." Each member is judged not only on his flying skill, but also on the way he fits socially with the others. "You've just got to get on," one of them remarked recently. The five men have been known to vet each other's guests for a party.

An original member of the team, a twenty-two year old pilot named Colin "Chunky" Redhouse, has even turned up to watch them several times since he left the R.A.F. for British Overseas Airways Corporation.

His last outing, in the box position behind the leader, coincided with his last day in the Service. It was at Metz. At a party given by the Canadian Skyblazers after the display, Redhouse had his shoes and socks removed by his team-mates and hosts; and his feet dipped in ink: he was frogmarched along the ceiling, leaving a trail of footprints that still remains.

The physical and nervous strain of supersonic stunt flying is such that each flier is soaked in sweat after a performance. After one try-out, they were drying-out in the crewroom and sitting round a heater in their underclothes when a group captain made a surprise call. Immig apologized for the team's appearance. The group-captain, moved by their plight, arranged for them to be equipped with experimental sweat-absorbing flying suits from the Medical Research Establishment at Farnborough.

"They're not very pleasant to wear," says Swoffer. "They're baggy and untidy." For this reason, the team members continue to use their stagy black outfits whenever they appear before the public on the ground.

NONE of them had any idea when they first teamed up that they would so often be the custodians of R.A.F. prestige. It was shortly after 54 Squadron knew that it was to be among the first units equipped with Hunters that Pete Hamilton suggested an aerobatics team. At the time they were flying obsolescent Meteor VIIIs. Immig, who had flown a combat tour in Korea, was not over enthusiastic, but was finally persuaded in October, 1954, to ask official permission for three of them to form up.

"I don't think you'll kill yourselves," said their wing-commander. "Go ahead." By March, 1955, when the Hunters arrived, Immig, Hamilton and Swoffer had become fairly proficient. Now they asked to be allowed a fourth man—in the box position. It was Immig who made the official approaches—on condition that if he succeeded the rest of the team would have crew cuts.

On May 10, 1955, the group's senior Air Staff officer visited the station to see them flying as a quartette for the first time. They passed the test.

"It meant," Immig recalls, "that we were a real team. I took the boys over to Greenham Common, the U.S.A.F. base, and got each of them a crew cut." Shortly afterwards, they made a special run over the Odiham field when the C.-in-C. of Fighter Command was visiting. He left at five o'clock in the afternoon, and two hours later a signal came telling the team that it would represent the R.A.F. at the Geneva International Air Display.

One of its stickiest moments came during the Farnborough Show when Curtis reported sick. Swoffer, as reserve, had flown in each wing position but never in the box, which is regarded as the most demanding rôle of all. There was only time to give him twenty minutes' practice. Later in the day, over Farnborough, he did well in the position. Curtis watched from his bed in the sick quarters as they took off.

At first Immig's American accent confused the fliers. Once he ordered a fuel check and they swept into a different formation

Throughout the show, the team had been operating daily from their own station, but on the fifth day, when they were finishing the bomb-burst manoeuvre through low cloud, they were told that a thunderstorm had broken over Odiham and were instructed to land at Farnborough. When they taxied in, a message came from the president of the Society of British Aircraft Constructors inviting them to his private tent. There they were congratulated warmly by the assembled V.I.P.s and their wives. The then Secretary of State for Air was present.

Immig, Swoffer, Hamilton and Noble were far from comfortable, however. Unprepared for an appearance on the ground at Farnborough, they had left their natty black outfits and gold scarves in the crewroom and had taken off wearing their sweat-soaking experimental suits.

"We went in there," says Immig, "smelling like a herd of goats." The Black Knights hate to be caught without their schmaltz. THE END

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*—and that means **cleaner**!*

PER 1347-1781

ZOO QUEST (2)—My TV team films the animals of Guiana's dark forests. Then, at a medicine man's seance...

We add 'ghosts' to our collection

by DAVID ATTENBOROUGH

Rancher Tiny McTurk and Connie, his wife, tell Attenborough how McTurk once killed a jaguar a fortnight and fought brigand gangs

THE prime object of our journey to the Rupununi savannahs was to catch a giant ant-eater. The previous day we had landed at Letham, a tiny settlement in the south of British Guiana, on the first stage of our second Zoo Quest. As on our previous trip to Sierra Leone, Jack Lester was collecting animals for the London Zoo, of which he is Curator of Reptiles, and I, a television producer, was gathering material for a series of B.B.C. programmes. The rest of the party consisted of Charles Lagus, our cameraman, and Overseer Tim Vinall, who had come to look after the animals we collected.

The giant ant-eater is more than six feet long and has bowed muscular forelegs and great curved claws which it uses to rip open termite hills. Teddy Melville, the stout, bronzed proprietor of the Letham hotel, had assured us: "Plenty of ant-eaters out here. The trouble is finding them. They only come out at night."

We caught one purely by accident.

On our first morning, one of the vaqueros had told us he had seen a large snake in a swamp a few miles away and, excited at the thought of making our first capture, we threw ropes, sacks and cameras into a truck and drove off with Teddy and two vaqueros. It was a bumpy ride across a dusty, trackless plain. We had to pick our way through sandpaper bushes about five feet high and grotesque white termite hills which were even higher. In the far distance, we could see the smoky blue silhouette of the Kanuku mountains.

A few yards from the swamp we left the truck. Charles set up his camera and the rest of us walked cautiously into the bushy marsh. Suddenly, Teddy stopped, pointing to something on the ground. We looked down. It was the track of a giant ant-eater. His mind on the snake, Jack impatiently waved us on. We crept farther into the thicket. There was a scuffle almost under our feet. A giant ant-eater burst out on the other side and galloped across the plain, its huge tail waving like a banner.

Jack and Teddy sprinted after it. I dashed out of the thicket and yelled to Charles to start filming. Jack and Teddy managed to head the ant-eater off so that it swerved back towards the

This three-toed sloth was captured by the Zoo Quest team. The baby sloth nestling in its mother's hair was born a few days later

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This cayman—a relative of the alligator—was dug from its hole at the side of a lake near Letham. Jack Lester lashes its body to a sapling

Attenborough's party filmed these two tame capybaras swimming. They would not enter the water without their playmate, a six-year-old boy

swamp. I took up the pursuit and soon started to gain on it. *What shall I do if I catch up with it?* I wondered.

Jack shouted: "Grab its tail."

At that precise moment, I came within reach and seized the waving banner. The ant-eater twisted round and lunged at me with its monstrous forelegs. The great claws just missed but I was so startled that I fell backwards and let the ant-eater go.

By this time, the others had come up. One of the vaqueros sent a rawhide lasso curling through the air. It landed neatly round the ant-eater's neck. The first object of our Zoo Quest had been achieved.

As we drove back to Letham with the struggling ant-eater trussed in the back of the lorry, I reflected how different this was from the animal collecting of my childhood. My father, then Principal of University College, Leicester, had started my interest. He had bought his three sons an aquarium of tropical fish. At that time I was nine. Richard, now a well-known film actor, was eleven and a half, and John six and a half. Although the others were part owners of the fish, they left the feeding of them to me.

Seeing my interest, Father added to the collection and soon the whole of one side of our greenhouse was occupied by cages containing snakes, lizards, salamanders, stick insects and tropical tree-frogs. But I was not content with these. I had long been interested in fossils and spent my Sundays cycling alone in the country, where I scaled the walls of quarries to chisel them out of the rock. Now, I also collected animals. When I returned home, tins containing hedgehogs, grass-snakes, toads and newts jostled the fossils in my saddle-bag.

At seventeen, I turned professional. My zoology class at Wyggeston Grammar School needed crayfish to dissect in an examination. It was wartime and they were unobtainable commercially. I cycled out to Charnwood Forest and, by turning up boulders, quickly collected about fifty from a stream. I sold these to the school at sixpence a dozen.

In September, 1944, I went up to Cambridge on a scholarship and took a degree in geology, zoology and mineralogy. After two years in the navy, I became an assistant editor with a publishing firm. Later, I answered an advertisement for a B.B.C. talks producer. I was rejected, but shortly afterwards the B.B.C. invited me to attend a six months' television course as a trainee producer.

At the end of the six months I was lucky enough to be taken on as a producer. I was responsible for programmes on subjects as various as coin designs, royal plate, coronation souvenirs, folk songs and how to paint. But I also worked on a number of animal programmes, including Julian Huxley's *Animal Patterns*. It was while working on Huxley's programme that I met Jack Lester and had the idea of the Zoo Quest.

At that time, it was not intended that I should appear on the screen and I went to Sierra Leone purely as a producer. But after the first programme it was decided that the series would be stronger if a second person was with Jack in the studio to draw him out. As I was the only other person familiar with the background, the choice fell on me.

At the end of the series we began to think about a second Zoo Quest. For television, South America, which was both wild and comparatively unexploited, seemed ideal. By a happy coincidence, the zoo had not had a collection of wild animals from there since before the war and was eager to fill the gaps. Of all the possible countries, British Guiana seemed the best choice. Armed with a list of half a dozen animals in which the zoo was primarily interested, we flew to Georgetown and, after a few days' preparations, took a plane to Letham.

Now that we had caught the ant-eater, we were interested in any other animals we could find and also in native customs. When one of Teddy Melville's vaqueros reported a few mornings later that Wapisiana Indians were fishing in a nearby lake, we eagerly accepted Teddy's offer to drive us down there.

During the hour's drive, Teddy explained that when a tribe needed fish, the men crushed poison from a local vine. Everyone—men, women and children—then migrated to the lakeside. The men chose a small arm of the lake and dammed it with stakes. They tipped in their poison and caught the fish as they rose senseless to the surface.

The tribe had camped in a small spinney. Indian women, small, copper-coloured, with blue-black hair, were lounging in hammocks slung between the trees. Speaking in the Wapisiana dialect, Teddy asked why they were looking so glum. "Those silly men!" they said. "They spent two whole days collecting poison in the mountains and three whole days making a dam. But all their work is wasted. They dammed too much of the lake or used too little poison so that the fish are not killed. We are waiting here to smoke the fish over our fires. So far, they have brought us exactly five."

We walked down to the dam. It was alive with

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Lester (left) and McTurk land an arapaima, reputedly the largest of all fresh-water fish. This specimen was seven feet long

Coatimundis are inquisitive and playful animals. This pair went climbing to meet Charles Lagus, the Zoo Quest cameraman

Date with a stranger

by ***DUDLEY HOYS***

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE DITTON

He was gay and witty, and offered her a world of excitement. How could a country boy compete . . . ?

ABOUT four o'clock Mary's mother thought she heard the blaring of sheep, and glanced out of the kitchen window. At the top of the intake slope some Herdwick ewes were jostling through the gateway.

A white-throated dog streaked out of nowhere, leaped up on the wall, and pattered along the stones of it, watchfully keeping pace with the Herdwicks.

Next, there was a glimpse of three men, her husband, their neighbour, Tom Steele, and his son Joe.

She turned to Mary and said: "They're here. Best mash the tea."

There were not many ewes, perhaps thirty, the last of the odd stragglers that had missed the previous gather for lambing. Though whickering a little, they were placid, glad to get down to the peeping spring grass of the dale after the hungry austerity of the fells. The men left them to nibble under the alert eyes of the dogs, and trooped in to tea.

"Sort 'em out afterwards," said Mary's

She was standing staring at him dumbly. What was wrong with her? At last she said: "Joe, this is Mr. Henley"

father, hanging his crook over the top of the kitchen cupboard.

"Ay," said Tom Steele.

Young Joe said: "Hello, Mary," and smiled in a quiet, rather shy fashion. His wind-blown, dark hair was drooping over his temples, and his skin had reddened under the unusual warmth of the April sun. A scar beneath his left eye, making it seem wider than the other eye, showed as a brownish, curving line. It was the legacy of a motor-bike accident.

She smiled back at him and would have replied, but there was a knock at the front door and she went along the passage to open it.

The young man standing there was tall and fair, and, despite his rumpled wind-jacket and corduroy shorts, he had an air of easy elegance about him that gave her a sudden sense of excitement.

"You do teas?" His voice was as attractive as his face.

"Yes." She showed him into the front room, and smiled when he sat down with a long sigh of relief.

"Been for a long walk on the fells?"

"Long enough! I'm staying down at the Fox, but I simply couldn't tramp those extra two miles. I need restoring with pints of tea."

He was still looking at the doorway after she had gone out to get his tea ready, looking with a startled, appreciative light in his eyes. He had not expected to find such a good-looker.

When she returned with the tray he tried to keep her, asking about the sheep and the men he had seen descending the fell. She was glad of the excuse to stay and talk to him.

"We start lambing in the middle of April. There are always a few ewes that get brought down late. Some of ours have already lambed."

"This is a beautiful dale. Have you lived here all your life?"

She laughed and nodded, and without warning the silence that came between them was nervous and exquisite. She had read of such things in books, but her first experience of it was a trifle frightening. She said quickly that she had to help in the kitchen, and left him to his tea.

The sight of Joe sitting there was a rebuke to her. One of these days they were going to be married, when he could rent a small farm from the National Trust.

She pushed the plate of drop-scones in front of him, and he said: "No more, thanks. I'll be gettin' along. There's lots to do. Maybe I'll drop in to see you around eight."

He turned up later than that. It was nearly nine. He had washed, and changed his shirt, and combed his hair. He sat in the kitchen with her while she did some ironing, and talked sheep. It was the old, familiar routine, and for once she felt irked by it—restless. The darkening ridges and peaks outside, their summits tinted by sunset, gave her a sense of being imprisoned.

"Joe, there's that picture at Caldermont. I do so want to see it. Can you manage Thursday?"

He stared dubiously at the stone flags. "'Tisn't easy just now."

"If we left here at half-past seven. . . . Your motor-bike can cover it in half an hour."

"It's not that. I've got to get round the ewes. Don't forget it's lambing time."

"Do I ever get a chance to forget it?" she said, and something in her voice set him staring at her. His eyes had the look of a hurt, bewildered dog.

More gently she said: "I'm sorry. Only, sometimes I——" she came over, and ruffled his hair. "You're tired, Joe. And I shouldn't talk like this. I don't know what's the matter with me."

He was anxious about her. "Have you got a headache?"

"No. It isn't that. And don't bother about that picture. I'm just in a feckless mood." Her face softened into a very young smile. "It must be the spring."

She went to bed trying to imagine the sort of life led by the young man who was staying at the Fox.

It was difficult to conjure up details, but she blended a picture out of various films she had seen at Caldermont and stories she had read in women's magazines.

She saw herself in dazzling evening clothes being handed by him adoringly out of a sleek car. Everything around was brilliant and animated, so different from the silence of the night-shrouded dale.

In the end, with a twinge of conscience, she shut her mind to these longings, and fell asleep.

The ewe was twisting and writhing in her pain. "It's going to be rather difficult," said Joe. He added quietly, "If she dies, it won't be my fault"

NEXT day a drizzling mist-shrouded the world. The lower fell-breasts loomed dimly through it, grey and dark. The spiky, dripping whins, the sodden fields, the hard wetness of the dale road, these were things she had seen a thousand times without resentment. Her head told her that she should be glad. Moist weather was a boon to the lambing ewes. In dryness the birth-pangs could be agonizing.

But her heart told her rebelliously that Iredale was dreary, isolated, no place at all for a girl of twenty. You just jogged on and on, missing all the wonderful things the rest of the world had to offer. Nothing ever happened.

Something did happen. About four o'clock there was a knock at the front door. Some instinct told her what to expect. A queer, breathless sensation in her, she hurried along the passage. The young man staying at the Fox smiled at her from the porch. "Could I have tea again?"

"Of course!"

Somehow the mist was no longer depressing, and the greenery of the fields had a sheen.

She led him into the front room, glanced at his sports jacket and flannel trousers, and said: "You couldn't have been fell-walking like that?"

"Not today. I've been having a run round in the car."

Her mouth crinkled. "Don't you care for the tea at the Fox?"

"It's sweeter here," he said.

She laughed aloud. She was singing while she got his tea ready. She brought in the tray, and he said: "If you're not too busy, could I ask some more questions about sheep-farming?"

"You're interested in it?"

"I am now," he said, and she blushed.

Outside, a rifle cracked sharply. He gave a start, and she said: "That'll be Father. Shooting at a crow. They're devils."

"What harm do they do?"

"They hang around at lambing time. If a ewe leaves her lamb for a few seconds, a crow will dive down and dig out its tongue or one of its eyes."

"Not very pleasant." He glanced out of the window at the colourless mist. "D'you get many of these days?"

"It wouldn't be the Lake District if we didn't."

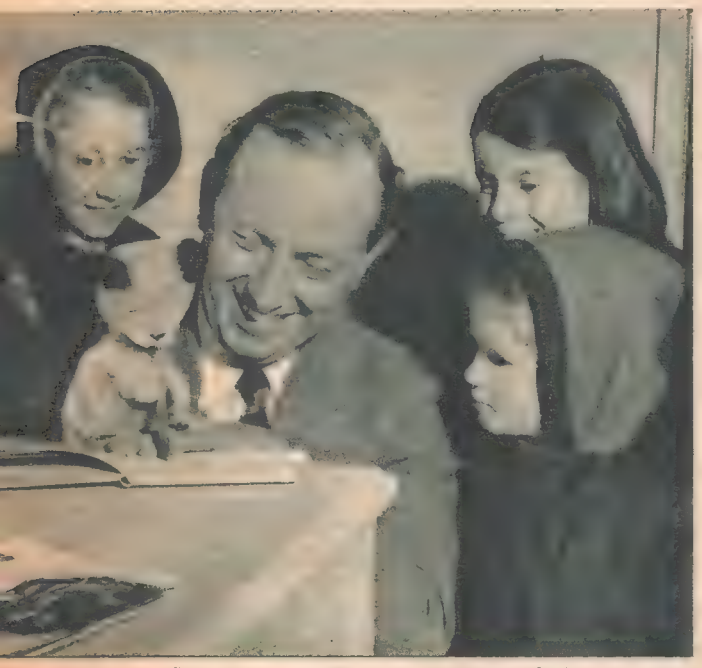
He said: "Um! How far is the nearest cinema?"

"Caldermont. There's a really good picture

Continued on page 43

Sooty's single-handed triumph

TV's teddy bear pelts Harry Corbett with sawdust and paint. It's the price of the stardom at his fingertips *by JOHN ENNIS*



Sooty personally signs autograph books when admirers call at his home near Leeds. Most fan letters completely ignore Corbett's existence

Years of piano playing have made Corbett's fingers supple—and Sooty lifelike. Sometimes the agile puppet's antics make Corbett laugh

HARRY CORBETT, the thirty-eight year old Yorkshireman who has turned a golden-yellow teddy bear glove puppet into a nationally known figure named Sooty, went into a telephone box at Cardiff recently and put through a call to a woman he knew.

"We are in town," he told her. "May we call and see you?"

A little later the woman, who had cooked lunch for two visitors, opened her door to find Corbett alone on the doorstep. "Where's your friend?" she asked.

Shamefaced, Corbett had to admit that the only friend with him was Sooty, inside his case.

Often, in conversation, Corbett absent-mindedly talks of "we," meaning he and Sooty. After years of performing with the puppet, he tends to look upon it almost as a human companion. His family pander to his idiosyncrasy by sending him birthday and Christmas cards and presents from Sooty and his secondary puppet, the dog Sweep. They even gave in when Corbett insisted on taking Sooty with them on a Mediterranean cruise last year. "After all, he's paying for all this," said Corbett.

THE Yorkshire common sense of Mrs. Marjorie Corbett is only occasionally outraged by her husband's attitude to his puppet. On one television show, Corbett made Sooty throw sawdust in his face. Corbett had his mouth open at the time, and the sawdust made him choke. Hours later he arrived home and his wife, who had seen the incident, asked what had happened.

"It was Sooty," said Corbett. "He threw sawdust right down my throat."

"Silly fool, you did it yourself," said Mrs. Corbett.

Sooty, the masterful little bear who has made more than eighty appearances on B.B.C. Children's Television programmes, was recently estimated to be earning £25,000 a year for the Corbett family in concessions to commercial undertakings alone. Of this figure, Miss Pearl Beresford, who handles the affairs of Sooty Concessions, Ltd., says: "It was a low guess."

Manufacturers pay Corbett percentages on the sales of Sooty puppets, games, fishing lines, conjuring tricks, toy shops, toy cookery and embroidery sets, drinking mugs, moulded models, dolls' pram covers, xylophones, mechanical and rubber toys, story books, tracing books, pop-up books, painting books and painting-by-numbers outfits; on Sooty sweets, biscuits, chocolates and Easter eggs with Sooty egg cups; and on Sooty

On TV, Sooty is as naughty as his young

toothbrush holders, writing paper, birthday cards, nightwear, nursery curtain material and mattress covers, babies' plastic feeding ware, soap, slippers, stools, nursery rugs and buttons.

Sooty appears as the hero of a strip in a children's comic, there is a record on sale of Sooty's song, and the little golden bear helps to push the sales of a hot drink on commercial television. For these films, which brought Corbett about £12,000, he won first prize in the section for advertising films at the Monte Carlo Film Festival last October.

Corbett pays £150 a year to insure for £20,000 the thumb and first two fingers of his right hand. These three fingers create a character for Sooty that is the opposite of his own. Corbett is reserved, slow-moving, self-effacing; Sooty is wilful, active and aggressive.

The two personalities are divided to such an extent that Corbett sometimes imagines that Sooty reacts to unexpected happenings before the slower Corbett has consciously noticed anything. While he was performing at Bridlington, a stray dog crossed the stage. "I don't remember noticing the dog until it was almost in front of me," he says. "But Sooty immediately stopped what he was doing and followed the dog with his eyes from the moment it appeared. I suppose I must have seen it from the corner of my eye."

Corbett gets his puppet to show a wide range of emotions, from conceited pleasure to dejection and misery. Though all these emotions are expressed by Sooty's attitude, television viewers are often deceived into a belief that they have seen the puppet's facial expression change. Once on television, when Corbett "scared" Sooty with a firework, the puppet's trembling brought hundreds of protest letters from parents whose children were in tears. But most of the letters that he receives completely ignore Corbett's existence.

On occasions Mrs. Corbett returns home to

admirers would like to be. Once he sprayed Corbett with paint—and ruined a singer's dress

Corbett paid 7s. 6d. for Sooty. Now the puppet has two wardrobes full of props, and the thumb and two fingers which operate him are insured for £20,000

catch a glimpse through a window of her husband laughing heartily. At one time she would wonder what amusing friend had called. Now she knows from experience that Corbett is laughing at some new antic his three fingers have made Sooty perform. "He is so amused sometimes, you would think that he had nothing to do with it," says his secretary, Mrs. Margaret Wilkinson.

Four years ago, Harry Corbett, A.M.I.E.E., was an electrical engineer whose increasing deafness had forced him to lay aside his ambition to become a travelling sales representative. During the war, to welcome a brother home on leave, he gave a party at which a few simple card tricks that he performed became the hit of the evening. Intrigued, he read books on conjuring, performed free at children's parties, then began earning small fees for shows.

In 1948, on the annual family holiday at Blackpool, Corbett spotted a teddy bear glove puppet on sale for 7s. 6d. Later he mentioned it to his wife. "He kept saying, 'It was cute, that bear.' In the end I told him to go and buy it if he was that struck."

CORBETT played with the puppet for his son's amusement, but it didn't go into the toy-box. He worked out a simple conjuring trick for the puppet to perform, and included it in his amateur act. The bear was popular. "Soon he was the conjuror and I was his assistant," says Corbett. And people told him: "You should go on television with your little bear."

One Wednesday in May, 1952, Corbett met a neighbour, Barney Colehan, the northern television producer, and told him what people were saying. Two days later Corbett was called to Manchester for an audition to see if he was suitable for a closed television circuit performance at the Manchester Radio Show.

Eric Fawcett, in Manchester to produce a live amateur show on the Saturday evening, saw the audition. He clipped time from the other acts to fit in Corbett and Sooty. "I wondered about television for the first time on Wednesday, and on Saturday I was on the screen," says Corbett.

He had a hard decision to make the following August. He was offered six fortnightly dates in *Saturday Special* on B.B.C. Children's Television, at twelve guineas a show. He asked his boss if he could have six days off and count them against his holidays. The boss refused. Corbett conferred with his wife.

He was leading a comfortable life, earning £20 a week from his job and his part-time conjuring. Faced with the prospect of a certain income of only £6 6s. a week for twelve weeks, Marjorie said: "Throw up your job. I'm not having my old age ruined by a man wondering what might have happened if only he had gone on television when he had the chance." A few weekly jobs giving shows in department stores kept him going until a toy company offered royalties to make copies of Sooty, who by now had been altered to preserve the copyright for Corbett. More B.B.C. series followed and Sooty swiftly became a national figure.

A natural desire to be sprayed with paint or water only when absolutely necessary makes Corbett wait for the actual show before working squirting devices, taking them as read in rehearsals. In a recent sketch Sooty was running a garage, and at one point he and Sweep had to spray Corbett from the petrol pumps. As the moment approached, Corbett braced himself to take a powerful jet in his face, for the "petrol" pipes were attached to the nozzles of soda water syphons. There was no jet; only a trickle. When Corbett's assistant pressed the syphon levers, the pipes blew off.

Janet Brown, the singer and actress, was close by once when Sooty, whose pull with children is that he is as naughty as they would like to be if they dared, presented Corbett with a bunch of flowers. Corbett squeezed the flowers as he smelled them, to squirt black poster paint on his face. Again unrehearsed, the jet was more powerful than Corbett anticipated, and Janet caught the surplus paint. It was a spotty Miss Brown who sang the next song, and the B.B.C. had to pay for her paint-splashed dress.

Amateur puppetry groups have asked Corbett to give them hints on how to make puppets appear lifelike. He can offer little advice, except to tell them to make sure that, if the puppet is doing something, its eyes are looking at its hands. To provide a firm grip, Sooty is lined with rubber, and the puppet's paws are rubber-coated. Corbett, however, believes that his unusually supple and widespread fingers, the result of years of piano-playing, do most to make Sooty lifelike.

As he prospered, Corbett began taking an interest in the National Children's Home and Orphanage, which has its headquarters at Highbury, London. He and Sooty have travelled thousands of miles giving benefit shows for this organization.

The Home has made Corbett a life governor. Corbett has handed over to it Sooty's Magic Circle, a club which for 1s. 6d. provides children with a badge and an annual birthday card. Mr. Alan Malden, the secretary, hopes to raise the circle's membership from 15,000 to 100,000. Recently Malden said of Corbett, in his presence, "He's our fairy godfather."

Uncomfortable, Corbett demurred. "I first began Sooty's Magic Circle for home charity," he said. "I just thought I might make a bit."

Just when Corbett felt that he had all the work he could handle, Pearl Beresford told him that she had had an offer for a series of Sooty films for American television. "Turn it down," said Corbett, "I'm too busy." Miss Beresford persuaded him to find out more about the offer. He discovered that Sooty was wanted for Walt Disney's show. "I couldn't do better than that, so I accepted," says Corbett.

The Americans asked him for a signature tune. He found a piano in the wings of a theatre, and wrote the melody of the Sooty song in an hour.

Filming, he finds, is even more messy than television. A few weeks ago the script called for Sooty to break an egg over his master's head. Corbett solemnly smashed four eggs over his head, taking time off to wash his hair after each, before the film makers declared themselves satisfied. THE END

JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPHS BY LAWRENCE HANLEY

ISLAND IN THE SUN

This could be the end for Maxwell. But it was his only chance—a chance to discredit Boyeur and foil the police chief

by ALEC WAUGH

DAVID BOYEUR had started trouble in the West Indian island of Santa Marta. The young trade union leader had called his native labourers out on strike. . . . It was a dangerous situation. H.M.S. Cheltenham was standing by. . . .

Indirectly, the strike had come about because Margot Seaton, Boyeur's former girl friend, had left him in favour of the governor's handsome A.D.C., Denis Archer. Boyeur had been taunted about this, and wanted to show his power.

Besides that of Archer and Margot, there was another romance at Government House. The governor's son, Euan Templeton, had recently become engaged to Jocelyn Fleury, a member of one of Santa Marta's oldest families.

But Jocelyn's happiness had been quickly destroyed by the discovery that she had coloured blood. It meant, she thought, that she could never marry Euan.

Her brother, Maxwell, was suffering equal agonies of mind. Madly jealous of his beautiful wife, Sylvia, he had killed the man he had thought was her lover—but had since found that his suspicions had been false.

On the second day of the strike he drove Sylvia into Jamestown—it was safer there than on their plantation, Belfontaine—and then returned a borrowed book to Whittingham, the police chief.

Maxwell was certain that Whittingham suspected him. . . . As he left the policeman's office, he thought that one day he would enter that room a free man—and step out a prisoner. . . .

FINAL INSTALMENT

Maxwell Dines Alone

IT was half past two. Maxwell had told Whittingham that he had things to do, but he had not really. There was no one he wanted to see; he drove back to his father's house and went upstairs. The door was held open by a wooden wedge. He tiptoed into the room. Sylvia was asleep, breathing quietly, her face turned toward him; he saw it veiled by the mosquito net. She looked very lovely.

Twenty minutes before, trembling in the passage outside Whittingham's office, he had longed for the day when he could confess. Now, looking at his wife asleep, he recognized that never, never could he inflict that shame on her: he must spare her that. He must leave his child a name that could be honoured.

Sylvia, lying there asleep, looked so defenceless. Her life was his to mar. He must remember this, imprint this picture on his memory, to protect her when temptation came. He must carry his burden till he died.

He turned away, noiselessly trod downstairs. Through the open doorway of the hall he could see Jocelyn, her book upon her lap.

"I didn't disturb Sylvia," he said. "Will you tell her that I decided to go back to Belfontaine right away? I'll ring through to her tonight."

It would be good to get back to Belfontaine, to think the whole thing over, plan it out: throw up his defences. For Whittingham knew; of that he had now no doubt whatsoever. Whittingham knew.

Maxwell reached Belfontaine soon after five. He had told the maids that they need not prepare dinner; they could lay out a cold meal.

He went into his bedroom to change his clothes. There was a faint smell of gardenias in the room. Sylvia's scent.

Sylvia's brushes and combs, her powders and face lotions were spread along the dressing-table. She kept a duplicate set in town. He picked up her comb and held it against his cheek.

As dusk fell he sat on the veranda, with rum and water by his side.

The moon, waxing to its full, had lifted between the division of the hills. Fireflies were flickering above the crotons. Bullfrogs were croaking in the kitchen. The palm fronds rustled in the breeze. No sound came from the village. The villagers were still tired after their long night's dancing; now they were resting before the night of dancing that lay ahead.

In the room behind him a table had been laid. But he was in no mood for sitting at a table by himself; he would make himself a sandwich, cut a slice of cheese and sit here, nibbling and sipping, waiting till it was time to telephone Sylvia.

He went into the dining-room to fix his sandwich. There were hard-boiled eggs, cold chicken and piccalilli. He was slicing the chicken when the telephone bell rang. It was Sylvia.

"Darling, I was starting to get anxious." There was a genuine ring of anxiety in her voice.

"I thought you'd be at the club."

"If I had gone, I'd be back by now."

He glanced at his watch. "Heavens, I'd no idea it was as late as that." It was after twenty to nine. "I was so happy sitting there on the veranda, time raced away."

"Happy with me away?"

"Happy thinking about you, reliving yesterday."

"Ah, sweet!"

"It was lovely, wasn't it? I'm missing you."

"Me too."

"Don't stop."

"I won't. Have you had dinner yet? How was it?"

"I'm fixing myself a sandwich now."

"A sandwich! Why on earth?"

"So that I can watch the moonlight. It's more romantic in the mood I'm in."

"Then everything's all right? Nothing for me to worry over?"

"Nothing, nothing at all."

"And you'll call every evening?"

"What do you think?"

"Good night, then, darling."

HE took his sandwich out on to the veranda. He sipped at the smooth, full-bodied rum and munched his sandwich, and the waxing moon mounted to its height, turning the green of the cane fields to a silver blue, and at last from the foothills at his back came the beat of drums. Yes, Sylvia was better off down there in Jamestown.

It was time for bed, he told himself. The pillow next to his was scented with gardenia. He held it in his arms, close, close against his cheek.

Maxwell woke with his mouth dry and his head throbbing. It was not a hangover, but he felt irritable. He walked on to the veranda and

looked at the decanter. It had been three-quarters full when he had brought it out. Less than a third there now.

"Breakfast in ten minutes," he called over the stairs and went into the bathroom. His hand proved to be unsteady and he cut himself three times as he shaved.

The maid who brought his breakfast looked ill-kempt, but he could not tell in what way exactly. They'd tend to get out of hand with Sylvia away. He'd have to watch them.

"I shall be in for lunch and dinner," he told her.

"Yes, sir."

She stood waiting for orders. This was something he had forgotten. He would have to order two meals a day for an indefinite period. He had never kept house before.

"A curry lunch," he said.

"What kind of curry, sir?"

"Lobster."

"What for dinner, sir?"

"Soup."

"What kind of soup, sir?"

"Vegetable soup."

"What kind of vegetable, sir?"

He felt his temper rising. Couldn't she think of anything for herself?

"Potato soup," he said, "and after that, well, some kind of meat. Go to the market, buy any meat there is and stew it. And after that some fruit, any fruit."

"Yes, sir."

She had prepared him a dish of scrambled eggs, to follow a slice of papaw. The fruit was soft and soggy. He pushed it away. He had no appetite for eggs. Coffee! That was what he needed, coffee, hot, strong and black. It was hot all right, but it was neither black nor strong. *A week of this will drive me mad,* he thought.

He looked at the clock. Five minutes to eight. Four hours and thirty-five minutes to lunch. And when lunch was finished, six hours to dinner. Ten hours and thirty-five minutes. What on earth could he find to do?

He sought out his manager, whom he had not seen on the previous evening.

"What news?" he asked.

But he knew the answer to that question before he set it. There was no news: how could there be? Nothing had happened. Nothing could happen for several days. Coconuts were rotting on the ground, but on the whole the loss

David Boyeur pushed in front of Maxwell. "Don't listen to him!" he cried to the crowd. "He is one of your enemies"

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE DITTON

Her mother was angry. "You can't ruin your life like this," she said

to the estate, even if the strike continued for several days, would not be very great. They had managed to ship all the copra that they had stored. The cane was cut. The cocoa was not ready yet for picking. From the planters' point of view, Boyeur could not have made his attack at a better time.

Never had hours passed more slowly. He had nothing to do, nowhere to go, nobody to talk to. He turned on the radio, but after half an hour the succession of rumbas from Puerto Rico got upon his nerves. He tried to pick up the B.B.C. Overseas programme, but there was a static interference. He had brought a couple of novels, but neither held his attention.

He drove down to the beach where they had picnicked two days before. He sat on the rock, throwing stones at a tree stump. But it was no fun throwing stones by oneself; it was no fun doing anything by oneself.

THAT night, shortly after one, he was woken by a heavy downpour. For three-quarters of an hour the rain beat upon the roof, rendering sleep impossible for a long time.

He woke to a clear morning. The sea was waveless. The palm fronds were not rustling. There was no wind. Absence of wind was the first sign of a hurricane. He had never been in one. He had listened to those who had described it. The temperature went up or down. He could not remember which. You knew about an hour before it struck. If the news came to Jamestown that Belfontaine had been destroyed and Maxwell Fleury killed, how cheated Whittingham would feel!

As he sat on the veranda, Maxwell imagined the news of disaster being brought to Jamestown. He pictured Sylvia receiving it. She would be desolate, heartbroken; but she was young, she was attractive. She would get over it. She would marry again within a year or two. But nothing would efface his memory. His child would be brought up to honour him. His grandchildren would honour him.

He could hear them talking about him at the club. He knew how they had felt about him four months ago. It was different now. They would say friendly things about him in the club. Whittingham would be silenced. Whittingham would have been foiled.

All day he indulged his pipe dream, hearing the voices at the club, picturing the look of disappointment on Whittingham's fat, silly face.

Next day the wind was blowing, the sky was grey, the sea was rough. These were not the forewarnings of a hurricane. For the sake of exercise, he walked into the village. It looked exactly as it had two days before, lazy, listless, picturesque. He went on to the jetty and sat at the end, swinging his legs over the side.

The sea was rougher than he had thought, looking at it from his veranda. He was a strong swimmer, but he doubted if he would be wise in a sea like that to swim beyond his depth.

Suppose he swam out to the horizon; would not that be the equivalent of a hurricane's splitting the foundations of Belfontaine? It would be reported as an accident; no scandal, no shame would be attached.

At first they would be surprised because they knew him to be a powerful swimmer. But on second consideration they would agree that it was simply because he was a powerful swimmer that he had out-swum his strength, underestimated the power of the current. A weak swimmer would have stayed near the shore. No blame, no criticism would be attached. Whittingham would be silenced.

A suicide that did not look like suicide. What other solution was there? Whittingham held every card. Sooner or later Whittingham must win. There was no other way of foiling him. A sudden idea struck him: a loophole, a possibility; no, not a possibility, a certainty. He felt jubilant. He had the answer: the way of settling every score, with Whittingham and Boyeur, with his past, his present and his future. Why had he not thought of it before? It was all so very simple.

He closed his eyes. For the first time in four months he knew complete peace of mind. . . .

Six mornings later Maxwell woke with his mind fresh and clear. He had never felt better in his life. He had never felt more conscious of being alive, of being able to enjoy the fact of living.

He stood on the brink of the cold shower, hesitating, as he always did before subjecting himself to the first slightly unpleasant shock of ice-cold water, reminding himself that there was little more exquisite than the moment a few seconds later when his skin was adjusted to the chill, and tingled to the sting of it; when he was loath to step from under it, it was so refreshing.

Drying himself, he walked to the stairs and called down to the maid, "Tea in five minutes!"

How good was that first morning cup of tea with a thin slice of white bread and butter, in the cool of the morning, seated on a veranda, with the cane fields fresh and green and sparkling, with the dew not yet dried out of them!

It's the last time, he thought. *I must make the most of it.*

There were no workmen waiting for their morning roll call, but he saddled his pony and rode round the estate all the same. How long would it be before the workmen mustered again in the morning light? Who would read the first roll call when they did? Would they miss him, would they feel guilty?

He rang up Sylvia. It would not be the last time he heard her voice, yet at the same time there was a chance it might be. The knowledge made him reluctant to hang up, made him talk with a deeper tenderness.

It had been arranged that he should come in on Sunday.

"Do you know that it'll be eleven days since I've seen you?" he was saying.

"That isn't my fault. I'm ready to come out any time to see you."

"Not twice in a day, darling, on the rough road."

"I don't see why it should have to be twice. I can stay with you. There's no danger, nothing's going to happen."

"I'll be a better judge of that after tonight."

"Why after tonight?"

"Boyeur's making a speech out here. I'm going down to hear him. I want to judge the temper of the crowd."

"You'll be careful, won't you?"

"You bet I will be, with Sunday only two days off."

"Ah, Sunday!"

"I'll probably ring you this evening to tell you how the meeting went. Till then, my sweet, I'm missing you."

He stood, pensive, drawing a double-edged savour from the situation. This might be the end; it might not be the end. He must behave as though it wouldn't be. He must make the most of every second. . .

Boyeur's meeting was fixed for half past five: the last hour of daylight. Maxwell planned to get there shortly before six. Boyeur would have warmed up by then, so would the crowd. He sat on the veranda, watching the sun lower in the sky. He was restless and impatient.

He rose and paced the veranda. Twenty past five. Where would Sylvia be? He heard the sound of a car upon the road. Was it Boyeur's car? It was travelling fast. He craned his neck.

At the turn of the road between the palms, he saw a flash of yellow. Yes, that was Boyeur's new M.G. How did he afford a car like that? Out of union funds, out of contributions wrung from labourers! Boyeur, that cheap upstart!

His temper rose again. His fists clenched. He could use a drink, but caution counselled him against it. There must be no taint of alcohol upon his breath. He must allow no loophole for the defence of a drunken brawl.

NOW it was twenty-five to six. Boyeur would have started speaking, unless he was too grand to be punctual.

He walked to the stone stairway. The sun was very near now to the horizon. The clouds edging it were lined with orange; the sky was slashed with a succession of pale greens and blues and lavenders. His last sunset was certainly putting on a show for him.

This isn't true. This can't be happening, he told himself.

He parked his car a hundred yards from the meeting. He did not want his arrival to be observed. He stood at the back of the crowd.

Boyeur must have been speaking for about

Continued on page 28

Parish behind bars

by ANTONY FERRY

To four hundred prisoners, padre John Broadbent is a friend. He thinks and talks like one of them

HOPING to raise attendance at his religion classes not long ago, the Rev. John Broadbent, chaplain of Maidstone Prison, invited a Japanese judo expert named G. K. Koizumi to demonstrate self defence. However, when officials saw a preview of the exhibition they decided that a practical demonstration might show the inmates too many useful tricks. Broadbent's enthusiasm—he was once captain of the Oxford ju-jutsu team—was curbed in favour of a simple lecture, with no illustrations.

Undeterred, the chaplain was dressed in white Budokwai clothes when he introduced Koizumi. Word spread through the prison yard that Broadbent was taking part in a match. By the time Koizumi's lecture was over, there was standing room only in the class.

"Judo," Broadbent said, taking over, "teaches us certain moral lessons." He then went on with his prepared religious talk.

Since attendance at all his classes is voluntary, Broadbent sometimes employs ruses to get prisoners to come. More often than not, the bait is sport. He has booked athletes, a world speedway champion, a Cup Final referee, an expert on flying saucers and, on occasion, prominent authorities on psychic research.

Once, Broadbent beamed with undisguised pleasure when he greeted a new prisoner whose ears marked him as a former boxer. "You're just in time," the chaplain said. "We've got Freddie Mills lecturing in the roundhouse tonight."

As Maidstone's full-time padre, Broadbent supplements an educational programme carried out by the local authorities. He organizes chess tournaments, pantomimes and choral singing, and also advises the four hundred inmates on spiritual matters. His approach to salvation, according to the prison governor, is as sportsmanlike as his attitude to soccer.

A prison officer who watched him practising judo not long ago commented to the governor: "The Padre looks as if he pastes his fellow men for the love he bears them."

Broadbent is short, bespectacled and middle-aged, and somewhat tubby in appearance. He meets new prisoners with a smile and a modest welcome. But his behaviour is far from solemn. Lecturing on

Broadbent starts the day by calling on men who want to see him. "Prison," he says, "never improved anyone"

JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPH BY LAWRENCE HANLEY

biblical places to one class, he dressed in the costume of a bedouin chieftain and earned himself the nickname "Sheikh Broadbent."

Five years in the prison service have added prison slang to his speech. He lives a short walk from Maidstone Prison with his wife and three children, but refers to the world as "outside." Because he speaks their language, the prisoners trust him. "They know that I won't 'grass' on them," he says. He prides himself on being included in the prison grapevine.

At Winchester Prison several years ago, he was taking choir practice in the chapel the evening before a murderer in the condemned cell was to be hanged. Broadbent held his conductor's baton poised as a prison officer approached to whisper in his ear. The choir held the note for a moment. Then Broadbent threw down his baton and rushed out of the chapel, shouting: "The bubble's up the spout!"

Admitting that his behaviour was not very priest-like, Broadbent said later: "What I meant was that the rumour had been confirmed. The man in the condemned cell was reprieved. As soon as I knew, I just had to rush off to congratulate him."

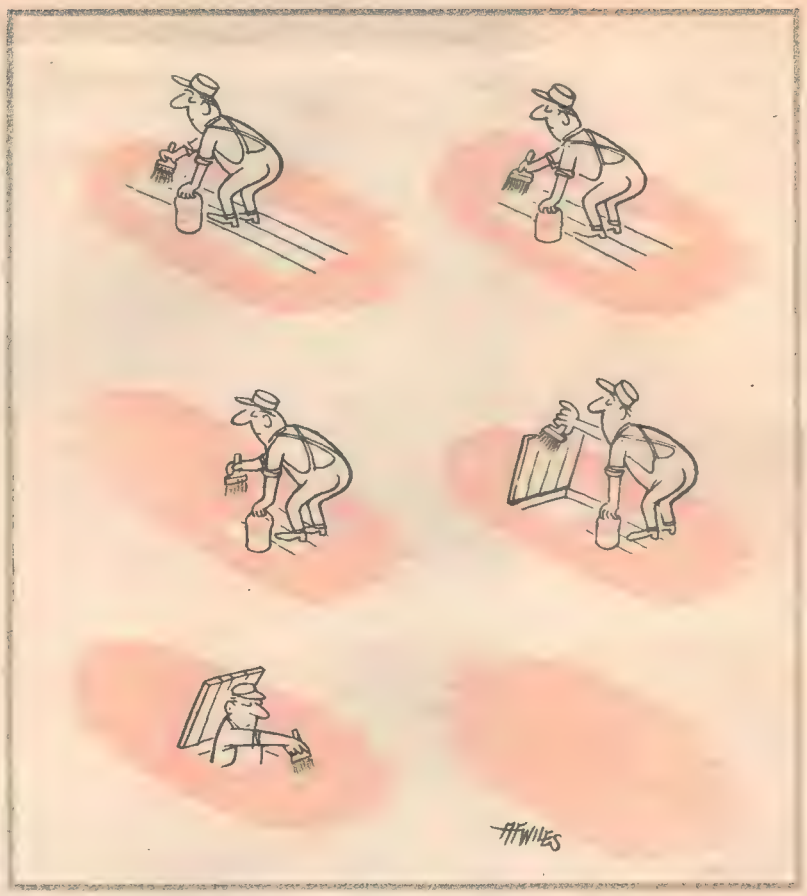
Broadbent is a strong and outspoken advocate of prison reform.

"Prison never improved anyone," he says. "Life inside is unreal and almost criminally destructive." He once told a large Southampton audience, "Short sentences are a waste of public money. You can't help a man unless you get to know him; and you can't do that in a week."

A woman magistrate told him later: "You're quite right. I often sentence a man to seven days when all he needs is a good wash."

To counter the boredom of prison life, as much as to improve the men, Broadbent encourages prisoners to attend any of the fifty educational classes held in the prison every week. There are courses in tailoring, architecture, surveying, commercial art, engineering and violin playing. One man, who came to Broadbent without a trade, left as a qualified interior decorator and now has his own firm.

The influence of both the chaplain and the prison governor, John Vidler, who was awarded an O.B.E. in the New Year honours list for his penal reform work, makes Maidstone one of the most advanced prisons in the country. Prisoners are allowed to smoke in



public, they are free to walk about, some get leave to look for a job shortly before release, and generally they spend only the sleeping hours locked up.

There is a library of ten thousand books, but Broadbent considers it a good sign that there are no avid readers in Maidstone. "At some prisons a man can get through six or eight novels a week. Here, he just hasn't the time."

Broadbent's day starts at 8 a.m. His first job is to make personal calls on the men who have left applications on his desk.

There was a professional comedian who habitually asked for him at eight o'clock every morning. Spending his long evenings making up new joke routines, he liked to try them out on the chaplain while they were fresh. "If I didn't laugh, he was crestfallen. I was his straight man."

In addition to conducting chapel services, arranging for visitors and doing private welfare work, Broadbent carries on a never-ending correspondence on behalf of the prisoners. They are each allowed to write one letter a fortnight. Broadbent believes that much domestic wrangling could be avoided if the men were allowed to write as many letters as they wanted to.

"I write more letters to other men's wives and sweethearts than Don Juan ever did," he says.

When John Davidson Broadbent first applied to join the prison service five years ago, he told the commissioners, "I like tough jobs. I'm not a man for tea parties and mothers' meetings." He was posted to Winchester in 1950 and was transferred to Maidstone late last year.

The son of a minister, he studied at Oxford, and got a blue for boxing. After working for three years in a woollen mill near his native Huddersfield, he began studying for the ministry and was ordained in 1931.

Posted to Leicester, Broadbent was urged by his vicar to teach boxing and wrestling three nights a week to the boys' clubs. One day, after he had taken to the pulpit with two black eyes, he asked to be relieved of these duties. "I was ordained a priest," he said, "not a boxing professional."

The vicar told him to increase his boxing classes to four nights a week.

In 1933, Broadbent became vice-principal of the Church Missionary Society's boys' school in Cairo and, three years later, was appointed chaplain and assistant tutor in theology at St. Peter's Hall, Oxford. He married and in 1938 went off to Brazil to be chaplain of a tough gold-mining camp.

One of his colleagues was killed in a gunfight in 1942 and Broadbent had to bring the dead man's family, together with his own wife and two children, back to England.

Immediately upon his arrival, he joined the army as a chaplain and served in Egypt, Palestine and Syria.

After the war, he became vicar of Wortley, Leeds. "But I couldn't settle down to parochial affairs. I had to join the prison service."

Broadbent never reads newspaper reports about prisoners. "I take a man as I meet him at the gates," he says, "and from then on I try to keep him alive spiritually. If he tells me that he is innocent, I believe him at once. You can't expect a man to trust you if you doubt the first thing he says."

Recently a new prisoner asked Broadbent for a hearing. He was on remand, awaiting sentence for breaking and entering. "I'd like you to call my wife," the man said. "Tell her that I'm in prison visiting a friend."

"But you're asking me to lie," Broadbent said. "Can't you tell her the truth?"

"It *is* the truth. When the prison officer refused to let me come in, I climbed a tree, jumped on to the wall and then fell in. Now they won't let me out until next Tuesday, and my wife will wonder where I am."

Broadbent picked up the phone. "What's the number. . . ?" THE END

Island in the sun

Continued from page 26

twenty minutes. His voice had loudened and grown hoarse; his audience was shouting applause at the end of every sentence. He was like a bandmaster, with arms outstretched, his fingers spread apart, conducting the outbursts, spacing them, now calming them, now exacerbating them.

The crowd had become a single person, obedient, mesmerized, his to do what he chose with.

"The planters have declared war on us," he was crying. "They have refused our demands, our just demands. We must return war with war. They forced us to strike. Because of them, the strike has lasted two whole weeks. Our funds will last us for many weeks. But in order that they may last we must use them carefully. So that no matter how long the strike lasts we shall have funds to fight the planters.

"They cannot hold out for ever. We may be hungry for a little, but they will be ruined and the land will become ours. We have worked the land. By right the land is ours. Soon it will be ours by law."

Maxwell was acutely conscious of the crowd's mounting tension. His own temperature rose to meet it, in an adverse sense. His hatred for Boyeur was as electric as the crowd's hatred for the planters.

"The planters, those sugar barons, have declared war on us," Boyeur was continuing. "In war there are no rules. An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth. Do not spare the enemy, who will not spare you. In peacetime you may not steal, you may not plunder. But in wartime it is not stealing, it is not plunder to take the goods that an enemy cannot defend."

A shriek of applause went up. Yes, this was it, Maxwell told himself. Incitement to violence, incitement to robbery: there was no doubt of that. Was there a policeman here? Probably there wasn't. Local police had the sense to keep away from trouble.

"War is war," Boyeur was repeating. "There are no laws in wartime."

Another minute or so, Maxwell told himself. Hysteria was mounting round him. It was going the way he had planned. He'd settle his own business and Boyeur's, too, and Whittingham's into the bargain. Only a minute more.

"The land is yours, the houses upon the land are yours. In wartime, you have the right to plunder, to destroy. In wartime you bomb open towns, drop atom bombs upon civilians.

"A strike is a war. Take what you need, destroy what you cannot use. It's yours, yours to take or to destroy. Yours! Yours! Yours!"

A scream answered each shouted "Yours!" This was the moment. Maxwell drove his elbows sideways into the ribs of the labourers at his side.

"Out of my way!" he shouted.

With his elbows working fast, to left and right, he forced his way towards the table on which Boyeur stood, and jumped upon it. It was a long trestle table, such as is found in army barracks.

For a moment he faced Boyeur.

There were astonishment and indignation in Boyeur's face. "You here!" he said.

Maxwell laughed; the blood was pounding in his veins. He had no time to think now, only to act.

He turned from Boyeur and faced the crowd. There was about a hundred of them, staring up at him with stupid, gaping mouths.

"Don't you believe him!" he yelled at them. "There are plenty of funds. There is all the money that is needed. But he doesn't want you to have it. He wants to spend it on himself, on his clothes, on that fast sports car over there.

"Look at him! How can he afford such clothes, such a car? Because he has your money: the five cents that you give out of your pay each week. That's where your money goes. He has spent it on himself. Look at him now, look——"

BOYEUR pushed forward; with his arms outstretched he appealed again to the inflamed temper of the crowd. "Stop! Don't listen to him! He is one of your enemies. A planter! He and his type have lied to you all their lives. They have tricked and robbed you. This man points at my clothes, at my car. But I point at that house of his upon the hill. How much did that cost? Think of the furniture inside; the glass, the silver. Think of the rich food that has been eaten there, the jewels and the silks that have been worn there by the Fleury women. How long has that been going on? For two hundred years! Think what that means in money, in two hundred years.

"He called himself one of you," Boyeur was shouting, "because he has one minute particle of African blood in his veins. He told you that at the election, and tricked you into voting for him; but he is not one of you. Look at him. He looks a white man, and he is a white man in all the counts. He is on the other side. He is——"

Maxwell pushed forward. It was time to interrupt, time to goad the crowd, as he had goaded Boyeur. He was held by the wild fury, but he was in control of it. He looked with loathing at the gibbering faces. It was because of his kinship with them that he was in this trouble.

"He's right," he shouted, "I'm not one of you. I'm on the other side. I belong to the white people. But I have that fraction of coloured blood in my veins, and because I have it I can understand you.

"I know what you are worth. I know what you are good for. You were brought here to work as slaves. That's what you are: slaves! That's what you still ought to be."

A roar of fury greeted him. It was what he wanted.

"You are idle, stupid, ignorant. You can't think for yourselves, you follow any master—the man with the loudest voice. You all voted for me at the elections, now you listen to this cheap popinjay. Get back to work while you still have the chance. Before troops are landed and you're sent back in chains. Don't you forget it, you're still slaves at heart!"

He swung round to Boyeur. He needed only the final prick of the goad. Maxwell leaned towards him. No one but Boyeur must hear what he said now. He dropped his voice.

"You," he said, "whose girl walked out on you the moment a white man raised his little finger! How long do

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you think you'll hold that Muriel of yours? Only till something better comes along. Someone with a better skin!"

He hissed the final word. He saw Boyeur's face contort, saw his right arm swing back. He made no attempt to duck, to guard himself. A blow struck without provocation, against unclenched fists.

The blow struck him below the eye. He staggered, off his balance, he put back his foot. He flung out his arms, and his hand clutched at a bare, damp shoulder, his nails gripped for a hold.

This isn't true, this can't be happening, he thought.

He was half stunned, he was kept from fainting only by the sharp excruciating pain below his eye. His fall was broken by a human wall. As his feet were grounded, he struck out. A huge hard-knuckled fist crashed against his ear. He would have fallen had he had room to fall.

"Let him have it, boys!"

Boyeur's voice rang clear, breaking through the fog of pain that obscured Maxwell's senses. Maxwell gloated at the sound of it. Ah, that was what he wanted! The final testimony! Boyeur's score was settled and so was Whittingham's.

The blows crashed in on him from every angle. His knees were weakening. He was half conscious; no human frame could endure this. Through half-dimmed eyes he saw the red glow of sunset on a cutlass, saw that and saw nothing more. . . .

"Maxwell Fleury is dead, killed in a strike riot. David Boyeur is under arrest. The governor has declared martial law and the strike is broken. A British man-of-war is anchored in the harbour."

Carl Bradshaw sat back in his chair and re-read the opening paragraph of the last article that he would transmit from Santa Marta. Nothing that he had written in his whole life had given him greater satisfaction. Tomorrow he was flying north, the most discussed journalist in the United States.

He resumed his article:

"The news of Maxwell Fleury's death reached Jamestown at seven o'clock by telephone from the local constable who witnessed the incident. The governor took the action to be expected of a general. Before he arrested Boyeur, the governor declared martial law, announced that the strike was ended and ordered all field labourers and longshoremen to report for work next morning.

"It is doubtful whether he had the legal right to do this, and it is possible that on some of the estates the peasants might have refused to return to work. But at four o'clock this morning a British destroyer steamed into Jamestown harbour.

"The arrival of the ship, coupled with the arrest of their leader, has convinced the proletariat that the authorities intend to be obeyed——"

And that was that, thought Bradshaw. Santa Marta was a closed chapter now. Tomorrow at this time he would be high above the Caribbean.

BOYEUR was released from prison the day that Bradshaw's article was published. The cable from Santa Marta announcing his release reached Whitehall the next morning.

The minister read it with concern. There would be questions in the House on this. It could not have happened at an unluckier time. Kenya, Malaya and now Santa Marta! British subjects being shot and no reprisals taken! The British public was getting restive. So was the Opposition.

Two days later the minister received the last article that Bradshaw had written in Santa Marta. This was worse, much worse than he had feared. How could Templeton have been so blind? He'd have to come back. He couldn't be left there any longer.

He rang the War Office. "Have you thought of anything that's at all suitable for Templeton? . . ."

The following morning Lord Templeton received two cables from London.

The one he opened first was from the War Office. It offered him the appointment of Commandant at Sandhurst. It informed him that permission from the Colonial Office had been obtained. It hoped that in the interests of the Service he would accept it.

The other one was personal, from the Minister. WAR OFFICE MOST ANXIOUS YOU ACCEPT APPOINTMENT COMMANDANT SANDHURST HATE TO LET YOU GO AFTER YOUR FINE WORK FOR US BUT FEEL MUST NOT STAND IN WAY YOUR OBVIOUS INTEREST ALSO NATIONAL INTEREST.

Templeton smiled dryly. Did they think he was a half-wit?

He sent for Euan and handed him the cables. His son looked at him questioningly.

"What are you going to do?" he asked.

"Accept! It amounts to an order."

"Are you glad about it?"

"If I had had this offer a year ago, I should have been delighted, but coming now—I hate leaving a job before I've finished it."

"Couldn't you refuse?"

"A soldier has to go where he is sent."

He would have liked to say more, to have confided in his son, to have spoken of the knowledge of failure that was implicit in this recall. But a lifetime's training had taught him to conceal his feelings.

"When do you expect to return?" Euan asked.

"Almost at once. I'll be needed for conferences at the Colonial Office. There'll be a good deal to tidy up before I can take over at Camberley."

Euan frowned pensively. "In that case, Father——" He paused. "Is there any reason why Jocelyn and I shouldn't get married here before you leave? Then we could all go back together."

"We discussed that, didn't we, when you got engaged?"

"Yes, but it was different then. You'd have still been here."

"Does that make any difference?"

"In a way it does, or at least to me it does. With you gone . . . it's completely unreasonable, but I can't help feeling that if we don't get married now, we never shall get married."

"And you are very anxious to be married?"

"Of course! Why not?"

"In that case—if you can persuade Jocelyn. I'm sure I can persuade her parents."

"I'll see her right away."

TEMPLETON watched his son hurry from the room, then began to draft his cables of acceptance.

He wrote them sadly. He had not lied to Euan. A year ago there was no post that he could have welcomed more than that of commandant of Sandhurst. It was like being headmaster of one's own public school. In five months' time, once again in the saddle, he would be a happy man. But at the moment he was oppressed by failure. He had meant to do so much for Santa Marta. There was a saving of face, but he had failed. There was no denying that.

On the following morning after breakfast, Jocelyn Fleury followed her mother into the small drawing-room.

"I've some things to say to you," she said.

Her face was serious. Her mother had never seen her in this mood before.

"What's this about?" she asked.

"I want to go to Canada," Jocelyn said. "I want it to look above board, a reasonable kind of thing to do."

"Why on earth should you want to go to Canada?" Mrs. Fleury's temper rose. "This is the most ridiculous thing I've ever heard. You're engaged to Euan. You haven't quarrelled with him, have you?"

"No. He wants to marry me at once. Before he goes back to England."

"But he's not going to England until October."

"There's been a change of plan. His father has a new appointment, a military one. I only learned it last night. That's why I've brought this up now. You can say that you'd like me to have an autumn in Canada while Euan gets settled into Oxford. Then in the new year I can write from Canada that I've changed my mind."

"You can't ruin your whole life like this. Are you still in love with Euan?"

"Yes."

"Then don't be ridiculous."

"I'm not being ridiculous."

"But there's not the slightest danger. Think how light-skinned you are; and even your father. Nobody in England suspected it. It's only a very slight strain. And you know what the anthropologists say, that there's no truth in that old story of the throwback from ten generations."

"That's what they say now. But how do we know they're right? That's one risk that I'm not running."

"Is that the only reason why you're refusing to marry Euan Templeton?"

"It is."

"And if you had the chance, if things were different. . . ."

"But they're not different."

"I know, I know. But suppose they were. Let's put it another way. When Euan was trying yesterday to persuade you to marry him right away, would you have given anything to have been able to say 'Yes'?"

"I would."

"Then in that case I've got to tell

OPEN TO VIEW

by JAMES LEES-MILNE

Drawn by ROWLAND HILDER

Young Harry Fetherstonhaugh met a London dancer, and carried her off home to Uppark

IN 1780 Emma Hart was dancing for a living in London. She was an uneducated country girl of seventeen, brimming with character and charm and of astonishing beauty. Young Sir Harry Fetherstonhaugh was captivated by her. He took her off to Uppark, in Sussex, where she lived with him for over a year until one of his guests, Charles Greville, fell for her in his turn. Emma was abruptly dismissed.

She did not long remain destitute. Greville introduced her to Sir William Hamilton, ambassador to the kingdom of Naples, who married her. Lord Nelson fell deeply in love with her in Naples, and on his death committed her to the charge of his country.

There are still some memories of Emma at Uppark. In the dining-room is the table on which she is said to have danced before Sir Harry and his guests.

Lord Grey of Werke was the builder of the present house, now owned by the National Trust. In 1682 he ran away with his wife's sister, aged eighteen. Her family sued for her return and at his trial Lord Grey was found guilty of "the most odious abuse of confidence, the meanest duplicity, the basest falsehood, the most ungenerous, most ungrateful and most unfeeling selfishness."

Lord Grey's descendant sold Uppark in 1747 to Sir Matthew Fetherstonhaugh. His son, the once dashing Sir Harry, who used to entertain the Prince Regent and whose picture hangs in the magnificent saloon illustrated above, decided when over seventy to marry his head dairymaid. Immediately after the wedding he sent her to be educated in Paris. The marriage was a great success and lasted twenty-one years.

Towards the end of the last century a housekeeper reigned for thirteen years over the back regions at Uppark. With her lived her little boy. That little boy became the distinguished writer, H. G. Wells.

How to get there: Uppark is five miles south-east of Petersfield (S.R.), *Open:* From April 1 to September 30: Sundays, Wednesdays, Thursdays and bank holidays, 2.30 till 6.

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it to you: You have not one drop of African blood in your veins. My husband is not your father."

"Then who——?"

"It's better for you not to know. I will tell Lord Templeton. He has a right to know."

Jocelyn stared at her mother. Astonishment was mingled with a relief so intense that she could not face as yet the consequence for her of this revelation.

"When do they expect to leave?" her mother was inquiring.

"They don't know for certain. Within a fortnight."

"Then the sooner this is settled, the better. I'll see Lord Templeton this afternoon."

For a moment Jocelyn pictured her interview with the governor. What a rôle for that stern woman to have to play! But it was only for a moment; she could spare her mother that. She shook her head.

"There's no need," she said. "I don't think he ever worried about that. And if he did, it doesn't matter since it can't happen now."

"But what about Euan? Won't he worry?"

"I don't think he will. It's really only people with colour themselves who worry about colour. White people never worry about that kind of thing. Did you worry about Daddy when you learned?"

"I can't say I did."

"No more will Euan about me."

The sun was high at Santa Marta as Denis Archer waited in the chalet for what well might prove his last picnic with Margot.

The last ten days had been his most hectic since the Battle of the Bulge. There had been the rush of goodbye parties, the near panic over Euan's wedding; there had been the arranging of passages, the forwarding of luggage. He had been so rushed that he had little time to wonder about his own future. He would have to think out a lot of problems as he flew over the Atlantic.

He had no time to sort those problems; to classify and number them. What about Margot? He had never looked ahead. They had discussed nothing. He had thought they were lucky to be spared the making of decisions. He was utterly unprepared for this sudden break.

Impatiently he paced the room. This might be the last time. Did Margot realize that? What was going to happen to her? What was there that he could do for her? She was so self-reliant. She had never asked for anything. He had no idea what her home problems were.

Then she came round the curve of the narrow pathway and he forgot all that. She was wearing a short-sleeved primrose-yellow sweater, a sage-green skirt with a red belt, nothing that he had not seen a dozen times. There was no dressing for an occasion.

He opened the chalet door for her and she paused beside him as she always did, placed her hands upon his shoulders, raised herself upon her toes and kissed him lightly, then dropped back upon her heels and stepped away.

Denis Archer, seeing her standing there, had the sudden devastating picture of a life without her. He blinked. He could not face that prospect. This had gone too deep. She was part not only of his life here but of his life wherever he might be. He could not leave her.

"Have you a passport?" he asked.

"Yes. I got one when I went to Martinique."

"The plane for England leaves on Friday at ten past eleven. I'll send a car for you at half past ten."

"Okay!"

"I won't be able to come myself. I'll be too busy shepherding the governor."

"I'll manage on my own."

Her calmness, even after all this time, astonished him.

"It would be simplest if we got married before we left," he said.

"You'd know that best."

She picked up the Thermos flask and poured herself out a drink. She took a sandwich from the tray. She sat on a chair facing him.

"I've no warm clothes," she said. "But I don't suppose it'll be very cold there yet."

"We'll hurry you straight from the airport to Debenham and Freebody's."

"I've heard of them."

She finished her sandwich and stood up. "You must be very busy. I should be on my way."

She crossed to the phonograph and

FRIENDSHIP—1

Whatever the number of a man's friends, there will be times in his life when he has one too few.

Bulwer-Lytton

RIFT VALLEY ESCARPMENT, KENYA. From a painting by Lulu Dyer of Limuru, Kenya, whose work has attracted so much attention in Africa.

Africa is not so dark nowadays

THE cool Highlands of Kenya tower 2,000 feet above the dry barren floor of the Great Rift Valley. Connecting the two, runs a long winding road built by Italian prisoners of war from Abyssinia. On the sun-lit plain below, the nomadic Masai still graze their herds as in centuries past. Although their principal diet is unchanged—cow's blood and milk—it is now supplemented by tea and sugar brought from the lonely little trading posts in the Great Rift Valley.

And to those trading posts, down that long winding road, past giant Candelabra trees and through thick forest where lurk scattered Mau Mau gangs, the little red Brooke Bond van takes regular supplies of fresh tea and coffee. It is playing its part in bringing civilization to a fast awakening Continent.

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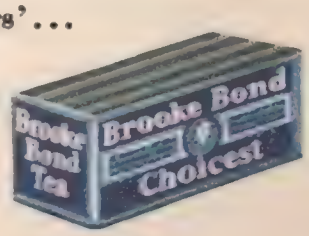

turned it on, looking among the records. She found the record she wanted and slipped it on—"Buttons and Bows."

She hummed the words, her feet moving to the rhythm. He joined her and his arms went round her. There were no protestations, no special vows of loyalty. That had been decided between them a long time ago. . . .

Half the population of Jamestown and a large contingent from the districts had assembled to bid Lord Templeton farewell. The airport looked like the racecourse on Governor's Cup day, and Colonel Whittingham had mustered nine-tenths of his police to control the crowd and supply a guard of honour.

It was a cool, clear morning after two days of rain, and the cane fields provided a fresh green background to the garish, multi-coloured clothes in which the chattering proletariat had arrayed itself.

The fixed bayonets of the guard glittered in the sunlight. The small British West Indian Airways plane that maintained a bi-weekly shuttle service with Antigua was reported to be on time.

Templeton's hearing was good and his ears caught the drone of its engine before his eyes spotted it. *This is it,* he thought, and moved out of the waiting-room.

Everyone of any consequence had come to wish him well; everyone who had been invited to G.H. Their handshakes were firm, there was a warmth in their voices. He could easily have assured himself that they were genuinely sorry to see him go, but he knew how quickly last-minute emotions can be turned on and off.

His appointment as commandant had been written up to look like a promotion, and it did constitute a rise in rank. But they all knew, he thought. Did some of them feel resentful, did some of them feel they had been let down, were being deserted by him? Grainger Morris might well feel that.

"I shall be making a personal report about conditions here for my successor," he assured him. "I shall make a special point of the help that you have given me." He put his hand on Grainger's shoulder. "Good luck, my boy! I know you've a big future waiting you."

He moved on to the Normans. Norman was certainly one of those who nourished a grievance over his son-in-law's death and over the blow to the tourist industry. He blamed it all on G.H. weakness. And he had been unlucky, certainly. Someone had to pick up the bad hand in every deal.

Mavis Norman was standing beside her mother. But Sylvia was not there. Mrs. Norman apologized for her absence.

"She sent you messages. She wanted to come so much, but she didn't feel equal to it. All the standing in the heat."

"I quite understand. I've thought about her a good deal. At least she has the consolation of the future."

For ten months he had been seeing these people every day. Was there anyone here for whom he had feelings that were independent of the locality where they had been engendered?

No one except Julian Fleury. And Julian he would certainly see again. As likely as not, Julian and Betty would decide to sell out here and come back to England.

He wrung his old friend's hand warmly. "I'm only saying 'Au revoir' to you," he said.

There is inevitably an anti-climax about the taking off of a plane. There is such a long pause after the steps have been wheeled away; the passengers are belted in their seats: you cannot see them through the window, though they possibly can still see you; the plane taxies to the runway and pauses poised with the engines throbbing. You cannot disperse because your friends, though they are invisible to you, want to catch a last glimpse of you. They do not want to be reminded that you are about to enter, have in fact already entered, a life in which they have ceased to have a part; so you stand there, gossiping together, impatient to get away.

The plane was beginning to move. Whittingham's voice rang out: "Present Arms!" There was the crack of wrists on magazines. A roar went up from the crowd.

Someone shouted: "Three cheers for the governor!" A section of the crowd was singing, "For he's a jolly good fellow." The playing of the band was drowned. The noise was a vast jungle roar. Templeton was waving his hand, but with the strong light shining on the windows the crowd could not see him.

The plane lifted from the ground, soared high above the cane fields, slowly circled the airport and turned northward.

The shouting lessened as the drone of the engines became fainter.

THE END

"Island In The Sun," by Alec Waugh, is published by Cassells, at 16s.

FRIENDSHIP—2

The way to gain a friend is to be one.

Jules Michelet

A HEALTH AND BEAUTY HINT

A Special Word to Women

If women only knew how careful they ought to be if they want to keep well and healthy and retain their looks, how much better they would be.

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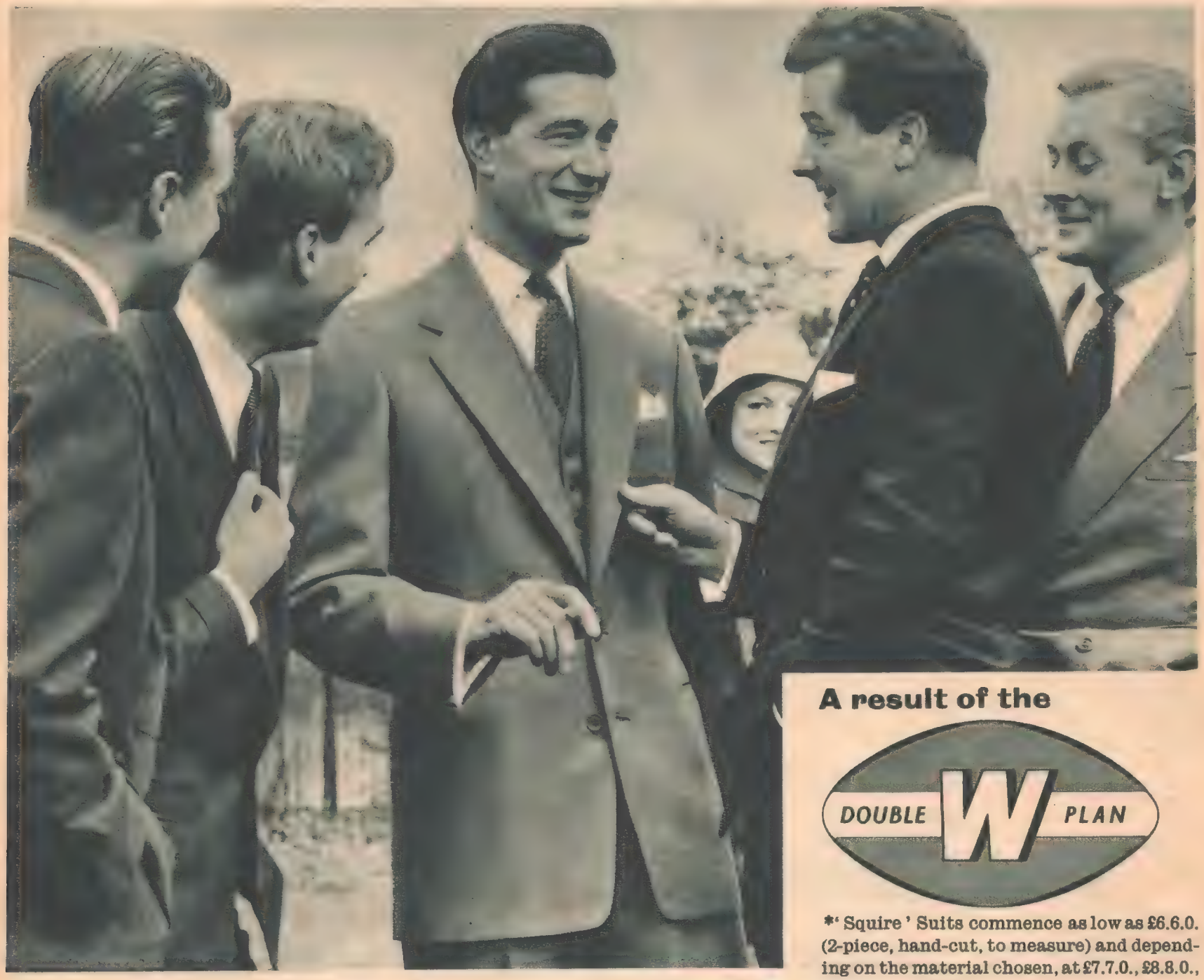

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The Grapes Of Paradise

Continued from page 13

to the very ridges with vegetation. Their outline made a strange green graph, rising and falling violently, against the sky. Along the coast and a mile or two out from shore the reef was locked like a stupendous jagged collar on which the sea rode with unremitting roar, magnificently springing with high, snow-white arches of spray.

After two or three stops at little village landing places where boys sold him slices of frost-fleshed water melon on the quayside, the schooner finally ran, about mid-afternoon, into a long, still lagoon.

He had already noted with some pleasure that the sand about the villages was white. Now the schooner began to run so near to the coast that he could have leaned out and thrown a stone on to the strips of pure white coral beach that ran everywhere out from thickets of breadfruit, wild plantains, palms and the tall yellow-flowered hibiscus from whose bark the so-called grass for skirts was made.

The water in this land-locked lagoon was so still and undistorted that it made him feel extraordinarily peaceful. In occasional shallow bays it was pure yellow in colour, turning to greenish blue, then pure bold indigo as the water deepened. The only disturbance on it was the wash of the schooner and occasionally, far off on the flat sun-white surface, a flight of little fish, pure frantic silver, scared from the water by some predatory chaser like a flight of birds.

His destination was the last stopping place but one along the lagoon, a wooden landing stage behind which was a solitary palm-thatched house, and at the side of which stood, on stilts, in shallow yellow-blue water, what he took to be the rest-house. Like a fairly large square bamboo band-stand, it rose from the strip of pure white shore.

A boy of twelve came down from the house to greet him, to smile enormously and to take his bag. He stood for a moment in the glare of sunshine, waving his hand to the departing schooner. As it throbbed down the lagoon, farther into the intensely green shadow of the mountains, the sound of its engines dying away, he was aware of his sense of tranquillity deepening. This is it, he started thinking. This is what I came to see.

Then, as he turned to go up to the house, an extraordinary thing occurred. Perhaps it was merely extraordinary, he explained to me, because he hadn't expected it. He had told no one he was coming there but now, as he turned, someone was there waiting to greet him.

It was a girl, holding an enormous crimson *lei* in her hands. He supposed, he said, it was the largest *lei* he had ever seen, a great flowery boa of petals minutely crinkled, so that they looked like feathers packed together.

But it was not this in itself that was remarkable. What immediately struck him as so extraordinary was that the girl, though quite young, eighteen or nineteen, was the ugliest he had ever seen. It was difficult to convey the peculiar quality of her ugliness but it was, he explained to me after several attempts, exactly that of a primitive idol hacked out of a golden coloured wood, and not very well hacked at that.

She was so ugly, in fact, that she was, in a peculiar way, quite handsome. Her frame was tall and massive, and all the skin of her body was very fine, with a look of being oiled and polished. She had a mass of overpowering jet-back hair that she wore unplaited. It was like a gigantic wiry horse-tail that reached to her massive buttocks.

Later she was actually to put on lipstick and an occasional bangle and sometimes a pair of ear-rings, but that day the only decoration she was wearing was a large pure yellow hibiscus over her right ear. That, too, was an outsize flower, with a big stiff central pistil that stuck out at him like a darting tongue.

Her only garment was the *pereue* in the usual pattern of crimson and white, in this case of leaves and flowers, and it had been wound so tightly across her breasts that she actually seemed to have outgrown it. It left all the upper part of her chest, her arms and her shoulders naked.

She placed the *lei* round his neck and greeted him, at first in French.

"You don't speak English?" he said.

"A little."

"And the boy?"

"My brother? Just little words of French," she said.

SHE led him up to the house. To one side of it, the shady side, a sort of bamboo and palm thatch lean-to hut had been built and there she showed him into a simple room where later he used to lie in bed and stare at the whole tranquil seaward stretch of lagoon.

He continued to speak in English, asking her one or two questions, such as her name and where he would be able to eat and so on, and every time she attempted to answer in English she gave a great crackling laugh, throwing back her head and opening her mouth to its widest.

He could not quite grasp her Tahitian name. He thought it sounded at first, like Tavae. He was not sure and tried to repeat it and she laughed again.

"They call me Thérèse, too, sometimes," she said. "Thérèse I like better."

From that moment onwards he called her Thérèse. "My name is Rockley," he said. At first she pronounced it in the French way, as if it had an accent at the end; but later, as time went on, she simply called him Rock.

"Will you have something to drink now?" she said. "Tea or coffee? Wine or coconut juice or orange?"

He thanked her, said he would have orange but that what he wanted to do most of all was swim.

"Good. You swim," she said. "I'll make orange and bring it down to you."

"Good swimming?" he said. "No sharks?"

"No. No sharks," she said and she laughed raucously. "If sharks come I frighten them."

He started to unpack his bag. She stood watching for a second or two, then said, "Please: excuse," and started to go to the door. For so large a girl she moved with remarkable silence and it was several seconds later that he looked up, thinking she had gone altogether, and saw her still standat the open door.

Then, for the first but not the last time, he got a totally different impression of her. The hut had only one small window, so that it was fairly dark inside, and in the strong outside light she stood partly framed in shadow. He could not see the details of her face. She stood with one arm brushing back her hair, looking back at him, one leg crooked in an attitude of being arrested in a turn.

For a moment you could forget then, he said, how ugly she was. You could see how superbly and splendidly she was built. She made on him for a moment the same impression as an inanimate object, something magnificently executed: a well-made boat, an idol, a piece of sculpture, even a mountain.

"If you want something," she said, "you must ask me. Or Timi, my brother. Or my mother. How long will you stay here now?" He hesitated, more than anything because he was fascinated by the way she stood there, to all appearances ugly no longer, and she said: "Well, you tell me later. Doesn't matter. You stay

FRIENDSHIP—3

Plenty, as well as want, can separate friends.

William Cowper

one week—one year—two years!" And then she turned on her heel and went away with a curious kind of massive, blundering gracefulness, laughing with throaty splendour.

There was just one more incident that stuck in his mind that afternoon before darkness fell. After he had been swimming for a good hour or more he came out and sat on the landing stage, deliciously wet, refreshed and a little tired after the first swim he had taken.

Evidently she had been watching for this moment from the house, because a second later she was coming down to the landing stage with a pitcher of orange juice and a glass on a tray.

"You swim long time," she said.

She sat beside him on the landing stage and poured his drink. She sat with legs curled under her, watching him, pushing back her hair.

"You swim good," she said. "I swim every day, too. Could you swim to the other side?"

He was still panting from exertion and was able, for a few seconds longer, only to shake his head.

"Sometimes I swim there and back," she said.

"Oh—not me, not me!" he said. "Too far. Out of practice."

"Not so far," she said.

THÉRÈSE laughed, and he sat drinking his orange juice, staring across the lagoon. Across the skin-smooth shadows, far off, a shoal of tiny fish burst from the water, as in the earlier afternoon, like fragments of silver. The crests of the mountains, far up, smouldered in sun. The deep far shadows under the thicket of the opposite shore grew greener and greener every moment, solid and glassy and finally untranslucent in the changing air.

He looked along the shore, tired but not too tired, blissfully and completely entranced by the tranquillity, the rapid embalmment of air and water and sky under approaching twilight and by everything he saw from the flaring tips of the mountains to the flick of a canoe paddle far down, seaward, towards the end of the lagoon.

Then he became aware, as he watched, of an unusual thing. In the afternoon, coming along by schooner, he could not help noticing the flowers of the tall grey-green hibiscus trees. Like soft pollen-dusty yellow cups they covered the boughs, the sand below the boughs, and floated where they fell in water.

Now, to his surprise, the same flowers were red in colour. Both where they grew and where they fell they glowed in a shade of cinnamon, warm and deepening.

His surprise, when he spoke of it, made her laugh again.

"Every day they change," she said. "In the morning they begin one colour and as they die they become another colour. In the morning yellow. In the evening red. And then in the morning the new ones yellow again."

And that, as he said to me, was how he felt about himself. Between morning and evening he had become a different person. It was unquestionable, he thought, that he had found there what he had come to see.

And as he looked along the shore where little fiery jungle cocks, quite tame, strutted scarlet and green about strips of well-watered grass, under palms and among crimson clumps of ginger-lily, he felt that everything was in perfect, ordered pattern, absolutely ordained and right from the changing colours of the hibiscus flowers to the crow of jungle cocks still giving to their hens among the tree-ferns fierce territorial warnings that hawks still hovered somewhere above the steely leaves of palm.

He was ready, he felt, to stay a million years. The pure absolute tranquillity had already started to hold him like a drug. He felt glad already of any breath of it. He was even glad of the big girl who sat with him for nearly an hour longer, telling how she swam the lagoon, how she speared shrimps in fresh-water streams at night-time by shining a lamp into their eyes, and about the changing colours of hibiscus flowers.

He lived, for the next month, the happiest days of his life. The girl, the boy and her mother, a blowsy woman-

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"Not me, thank you! The last time I was on one of those things it sank"

who spent most of her time in the open kitchen shed at the back of the house, looked after all his wants with tireless attention, and yet left him free.

At the hotel he had eaten mainly European food, more French than anything in character, the sort of food he would have eaten anywhere, and he had liked it very well. Now he learned to eat, and also to like very much, mostly native food: dried raw fish, hot crabs, bread-fruit, fried plantains, sweets of guava and coconut cream and curries of various kinds, including the delicate fresh-water shrimps found in the mountain streams.

In a sort of dug-out at the back of the house stood a great barrel of *vin ordinaire* from which they drew him wine by the jug. He found it made him sweat a great deal but he drank it constantly.

Every day he swam, before and after breakfast, and then again in the afternoon and evening, half a dozen times between dawn and sunset. When he was tired of swimming he slept; when he was tired of sleeping he walked along the lagoon, either towards its land-locked end where a cluster of fifty or so dwellings lined the road, or seawards, where he could swim again or watch the Pacific hurling itself with its towering white-horse waves against the reef, on one part of which, by the gap, the iron skeleton of a wreck stuck up as a mass of twisted junk, rust-orange through the glittering mist of ocean spray.

Occasionally he walked inland, climbing to the lower part of the foothills. In part old plantations of guava trees had been felled to give more grazing for cattle; the grass was green and fertile. Great jungles of banana flapped overpoweringly above groves of orange and *pamplemousse*, the big pinkish grape-fruit of which he never tired at breakfast. Narrow rapid streams watered pleasant little valleys of bread-fruit, wild lime and avocado pear, and jungle cocks kept up their ceaseless crows of warning, invisible about the thickets, proud against hovering hawks.

Sometimes, this being the rainier season, it rained torrentially as he walked. He started by running for shelter. In a few days he was walking on through the hot quick squalls, his shorts and shirt soaked, taking a bath as he walked.

Sometimes, after these storms, he stripped out, hung his clothes on a rock in the sunshine, and swam naked while they dried.

Occasionally the girl came with him. Once when they walked together a sudden squall obliterated half the lagoon, flooding the sandy path under the palms to a depth of six inches. The faces, bodies and clothes of himself and the girl were sluiced as if under warm fire-hoses, so that when it was over she looked like some enormous water-animal that had just dragged itself, dripping, from the sea. Then, her hair matted and drenched, the lines of her body more gross than ever under the soaked *pareue*, she looked even uglier than before.

There were two things, all this time, that he liked about her. He was fascinated, first, by her great strength; it impressed him enormously. And the other was, as he put it, that she didn't give a damn.

By that I thought he meant; at first, that she was very free, generous, or in some way promiscuous. On the contrary, he said, the very opposite was true. She had a strange, proud, almost virginal sort of dignity.

What he meant, I gathered, was that she was a sort of tomboy. Perhaps, with her great strength, she would naturally have done nothing but heave boats about, swim the breadth of the lagoon, spear fish, roll barrels of *vin ordinaire* up from the schooner, and slog through the thickets with cordwood on her shoulders. His impression was also that she might have given up, as fairly hopeless, the idea that any man, drunk or sober, would find her attractive. Free of feminine obligations, as he saw it, she could behave before him with the physical ease, lack of embarrassment and sheer strength of another male.

She too swam a great deal. In the water, as in every other way, she was massive and powerful in all her movements. At the same time water gave her gracefulness. Wearing an ordinary two-piece swimming costume of black material she swam with superb and easy power, her long black hair trailing out like water-weeds.

One morning she challenged him to swim the breadth of the lagoon with her. He knew that his powers as a swimmer were really not up to this but she said: "Swim slowly. You can do it. We can rest for an hour on the other side."

To his surprise he made the opposite shore without much difficulty. He found that he was, in fact, in better physical condition than he had ever been.

He felt taut, springy and in splendid shape all over. The wide Pacific air had given him an incredible feeling of buoyancy.

Then, as they swam back, he caught sight of a large, indefinable underwater object rolling straight before him in the lagoon. Like a grey sloppy shadow, it

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made a huge, rippling wave as it swam.

He took one swift look at it, yelled: "Sharks! My God, sharks!" and started to lash out in panic in the opposite direction.

He had no sooner turned than he heard her laughing. He turned back to see her waving a knife above her head.

"Ray! That's all!" she was shouting. "A big ray. That's no harm. That won't hurt you."

The giant ray, looking, as he described it, like some sort of india-rubber submarine, rolled ponderously off as he turned and swam back to her.

The look of fright on his face must still have been remarkably vivid by the time he reached her because she burst out laughing a second time and said: "Now you really look like a white man. Very white—*so* funny!"

He did not, he confessed, feel funny at all. He felt more than a little sick. His buoyancy had gone and his legs felt queer and shaky.

"You're not afraid, are you?" she shouted. She held up the knife above her head, cutting at the air with a slash. "Shall I kill him? I can go after and kill him if you like. Shall I go?"

"Good God, no!" he said. "Leave the damn thing and let's get out of here."

"Funny! So funny!" she said.

Then as they swam back, he taking continually involuntary glances over his back to make sure the ray had gone, he said: "I didn't know you carried a knife. I didn't notice that before."

She turned in the water, swimming on her back.

"I keep it inside here," she said. She tapped the folds of her costume about her enormous hips. "I made a pocket inside."

He knew that meant there must be sharks and he felt a little sick again.

"You never know," she said. "Shall I make a pocket for you? It's easy to sew one in."

"So is sitting on dry land," he said, and at that she started laughing again.

It was his first and only swim across the breadth of the lagoon and he had to confess he hadn't liked it very much.

"At the same time, when I looked back on it," he said, "I got an odd comforting sort of feeling about it. There was nothing to account for it then, but I somehow got the feeling that if there had been trouble she'd have gone through hell to get me out of it."

AFTER that he kept his swimming to within short distances of the shore. When he wanted to cross the lagoon or change the monotony of swimming he took the outrigger canoe and paddled about instead.

Besides the little outrigger the family had a large craft that carried a single sail. Most of their fishing was done with long five-pronged spears, sometimes at night, by the light of torches of palm frond, or communal fashion, whenever a shoal moved up the lagoon.

Sometimes these shoals took several days, perhaps nearly a week, to move the full length from the reef-gap to the last upper finger of shore. Then the great communal net was thrown out, to be drawn gradually about the shoal, in the upper narrowing reach of water, until the fish could finally be pressed and pounded ashore.

On the last day and during the last hours of this netting every villager, except perhaps a few Chinese share-cropping vanilla up the valleys, came down to help with the great task of pulling in the net. Men, women and children sat on the sand beneath the palms, chattering excitedly until the final hour when every hand was needed for the pulling.

After that the catch was distributed communal fashion, according to degrees of labour, and men who had handled the net for days would find themselves with so much fish to spare that they could make it up for market in long strings, sending it over by the next schooner to Papeete.

About a month after Rockley's arrival on the island a shoal of great size, moving very slowly, came up the lagoon. It took several days to travel the three and a half miles of water. It was often difficult, Thérèse said, to gauge the rate at which a shoal could travel, especially a large shoal. There would often be days of tedium, false alarm, rising excitement and much tension before the net could finally be closed.

Rockley had greatly looked forward to helping at one of these catches but the shoal was so slow that on the fifth day he found himself, at midday, rather bored with waiting.

"It's always the same," the girl said. "It may be this afternoon. May be tonight. We have to have patience. We can never tell."

Then he asked her if she would be going to the net that afternoon.

"I must go to the net," she said. "It may happen suddenly. If I don't help with the net I get no fish."

Some time later, after she had served his lunch, he watched her going away to join the boy and her mother at the net. As she walked down the path she turned, waved to him and said: "You sleep. When it's time I'll send Timi with a message. Then you can come down and you will have fish, too."

"How many do you suppose they'll give me?"

"Oh, plenty! Plenty for strong men. You must pull hard. I'll show you how to pull."

He slept for a couple of hours, woke suddenly and went down to the landing stage. Across the lagoon the boy was paddling shorewards in the outrigger. Rockley was sure the time had come for closing the net and that the boy had come to fetch him.

"Not yet," the boy said. "Long time yet. Perhaps tonight. Hours."

Rockley sat down on the landing stage and watched the boy beach the outrigger. Then the boy climbed up on the landing stage, too, and they sat for a few minutes talking.

The afternoon, Rockley said, was very beautiful, with great clusters of sea-packed cloud on the mountains and a light of sheer purity, miraculously soft and limpid, across the glassy water.

It was very hot and the fronds of the palms were so still in the heat that they looked as if scissored out of stiff green metal. The only sounds were the crowing of jungle fowl and, from so far off that they seemed strangely small and toy-like, the voices of villagers waiting at the net.

Suddenly he realized that for the first time, in the middle of this exquisite stillness, he was really bored. He had had his fill of swimming; he was tired of waiting for the shoal.

"I felt," he said, "as if I'd like a damn good talk to somebody. You know, a good yarn. In fact, to be honest, I was a bit lonely. I suddenly felt a hell of a long way from anywhere."

Then he made, he said, the first of three serious mistakes. It was a very simple thing and at the time it seemed quite impossible that it could have, as casual things sometimes do, significant consequences.

Without thinking, he asked the boy if he would take him down the lagoon for an hour, in the outrigger, as far as the gap. The boy hesitated. He even looked, Rockley realized afterwards, a little uneasy, almost scared.

Distances by water are always deceptive and he had never really had to calculate how long it would take to paddle to the sea-ward end of the lagoon. It took, in fact, an hour; and then not quite an hour, because of a strong incoming drift, to paddle back again.

It was all so pleasant, unspectacular and dreamy between the walls of palm and the higher jungle thickets that he did not realize that the flowers of the big hibiscus were already turning from yellow to red by the time he and the boy were again opposite the landing stage.

Then he saw the boy suddenly lift his head, brown eyes sharp and startled. From the upper end of the lagoon there was a deep murmur of voices. The boy started paddling furiously, quite agitated now, and Rockley knew that the final netting had begun.

By the time they reached the net, ten minutes later, the water at the end of the lagoon was like a white living cauldron of struggling fish. The boy was so quick to beach the out-rigger and run along the shore that he actually tripped, fell and then rushed on, wiping his sandy hands on his bare thighs, quickly spitting on them afterwards.

Perhaps seventy or eighty people, Rockley said, were pulling at the net, and presently he found the boy, the mother and the girl among them.

With her colossal mahogany legs locked in the coral sand the girl was not only pulling with all her enormous strength but with a remarkable expression on her face. Her dark eyes were large and blazing, with a peculiar fanatical light in them.

As he took his place beside her, taking hold of the net, he had no idea that this in fact was anger. "You said you would show me how to pull," he said.

She did not speak. She neither turned nor looked at him. She simply stared at the net, the water and the leaping fish and lugged with all her astonishing strength at the net, her expression never altering.

HE supposed, he said, that he must have spoken to her a dozen times or more that afternoon as they pulled together at the net, but each time she gave him no hint of a word or look in answer. It was pretty hot and strenuous work and he was glad when it was over.

By that time darkness was falling and there were still some hours of work to do with the sorting, sharing and stringing of the fish. He knew that the stringing would in fact go on all night, so that the strings of fish would be ready for the incoming schooner on the following day.

Soon after half-past six he started to walk back to the rest-house alone. As he was leaving the net he passed the girl, stopped for a moment and said: "I am going back to the house. Will you be coming back?"

Again she made no answer.

"No need to come back for me," he said. "I can find a little fruit and eat that. Fruit and a little wine—that's enough for me."

She had not even paused to listen; and now, by the time he had finished speaking, she was already some yards away, striding strongly out of reach of him.

He went back to the rest-house, sat on the little veranda, too tired even to wash, and then drew himself a pitcher of wine. Then he sat on the veranda again, watched the stars in the lagoon and above the fantastic graph-like ridges of the opposite mountains, and also the flares burning in a great cluster at the end of the lagoon.

Normally the wine, the evening, the stars and the mysterious waving half-drowned lights of the flares would have soothed him deeply. That evening, instead, he felt bothered—not worried, as he was careful to explain, but bothered—bothered, mystified and slightly irritated. He couldn't think what on earth he had done. The incident of the boy and himself going down the lagoon never occurred to him as the remotest possible cause of anger in anyone. He couldn't explain it at all.

Then, much later that night, he thought he caught a glimpse of what the causes might be. He woke about midnight to the sound of quarrelling. In the house the girl was reviling someone, with great fury, in words he didn't understand. He heard the boy's voice in answer.

He got out of bed, went to the door of his room and listened. He thought he heard the sound of beating. After that he went back to bed, listened for a time, and thought he heard an even odder sound—that of somebody weeping. But whether it was the boy or his sister crying somewhere outside in the darkness he never knew.

"Before I came down here I read somewhere," he said, "that these people were light-hearted, frivolous, courteous, generous, but deceitful and cruel."

He paused and before going on he gave one of those odd smiles of his.

"But that night," he said, "I started to find out they could be something else besides."

To be concluded next week

Spot the Lawbreaker

Somewhere in this scene, the law is being broken. Can you see where? A barrister gives the answer on page 43

DRAWN BY RONALD LAMPITT

FRIENDSHIP—4

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William Smith

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Date with a stranger

Continued from page 21

on this week. I was hoping to go, only——"

It was too late to unsay the words, and he snatched at them quickly.

"Is transport the problem?"

The invitation in his voice was too much for her. She told him the reason, and he was quick to move.

"Will you let me take you?" He grinned. "I'm not a wolf."

"I'm sure you're not, but—I don't know."

He said: "Look, my name's Peter Henley. I've got relations at Keswick. They keep the Fellview Hotel."

"The Richardsons!"

"Yes. Know them?"

"I've heard of them."

The grin was back. "Then you can ring them, and get my references. You'll find I'm almost disappointingly safe."

She said slowly: "I don't see why I shouldn't go. After all, it isn't hurting anybody, is it?"

"How can it?"

Before he left, it was fixed up. He would call for her at seven thirty on Thursday.

She found she was looking forward to it with a frightening intensity, and tried to be honest with herself. Peter was a link between her and those sparkling happenings she read about in the magazines. He was different from Joe, light-hearted, quick-thinking, a good talker. That was all. Of course it was all. . . .

Thursday was churning morning, and as she turned the handle of the revolving churn, and the salted cream slithered and thickened, the regular sound of the spindle in its socket sounded like, "Peter Henley, Peter Henley."

"Look at it this way, sir—it had already lasted about two thousand years longer than anyone could reasonably expect"

Down at Greenhow they were busy. There was a section of posts and wire—to stop the sheep jumping—to be erected along the wall of one of the fields. A bereaved ewe had to be found another lamb, and the skin of the dead one tied around the foster-child to coax the doubting mother. There were the dale pastures to be patrolled at frequent intervals, and sharp eyes to be kept on the new-born, for after the hard winter some ewes might have the trick of turning from their lambs.

At a quarter to seven Joe looked at his watch. His father, planking back a few stones that had been knocked from a wall, said: "Wantin' to be off tonight?"

"No, it's all right, Dad. Mary wanted to see a picture at Caldermont, but with lambing on——"

"I can manage on my own. You're only young once. So off an' get tidy."

Joe hurried up to his bedroom, whistling. It was going to be a surprise for her, and everybody liked a surprise. He'd go sweeping up on the motor-bike to their kitchen door, and shout: "Mary, I'm here!" And her delighted eyes would stare at him from the window, and he'd say: "Best be quick. We mustn't miss the beginning."

At half-past seven he was chugging down the Hollinstead farm-lane. In the stackyard he saw a smart, pale blue car, and wondered idly who might be calling on them.

Then, unusually, the front door opened, and Mary came out with a young man. Joe's heart jumped at the sight of her. She was like some spring flower smiling up at the gilded evening light.

Joe glanced inquiringly at the young man, and called to her: "Managed to get off early. There's time for Caldermont."

There was a silence, and Mary's expression troubled him. What was wrong with her? The colour had gone out of her face, and she was staring at him dumbly.

She said at last: "Joe, this is Mr. Henley."

Joe nodded, said: "How d'you do?" and waited.

She fumbled with her handbag. "The fact is, Joe, as you couldn't take me this evening, Peter here—he's staying at the Fox—he offered to run me to Caldermont."

There was another silence. Peter broke it. He spoke as if unaware of any awkwardness.

"Why not come with us in the car?"

Mary nodded. Joe gulped. Peter said easily: "Or if I'm in the way, you two pop off on the motor-bike. Powerful machine you've got there."

"Yes," said Joe, watching Mary's expression, and pitying her almost as much as he pitied himself.

Mary ran her tongue along her lips. "I never expected you, Joe. But now you're here——"

"No," he said. "'Twas my fault. I shouldn't have come. There's a lot to do down yonder. I'll be getting on with it. Hope the picture's fine."

He managed to smile, turned the bike and drove off between walls that seemed to have gone mistily bleak.

Peter said: "I'm sorry about this," and handed her into the car.

Her mouth was unsteady. "I didn't mean to hurt him. Joe's such a decent sort."

"I'm sure he is."

"But—it wasn't my fault, was it?" She was begging him to agree with her, pleading for help, and he said soothingly:

"No. It was just one of those things. A pity! But there!" He smiled down at her. "I'm selfish enough to want to enjoy this evening. I shan't, if you don't. Cheer up!"

The light returned to her eyes. She said: "Well, there wouldn't be any sense in making a dismal evening for three, would there?"

It was impossible to stay upset about Joe. The very evening itself refused to allow it. Under the green-blue of the sky the fells were tinted barriers, widening as they purred down the dale road. Along the skirts of them the bird-cherry, earlier than usual, held up clusters of white foam. Lambs in the fields scurried in absurd follow-my-leader games, jumping stiff-legged, to rest panting in silky groups. To the west, the Irish Sea and the mouth of the Solway were washed lilac. And the sense of being with Peter gave her a headiness.

The picture held her two and a half hours in a polished, expensive world. She forgot Joe entirely. She was living among these people on the screen, admiring them enormously, revelling in the glitter.

When it was over, she sighed and said: "It was gorgeous."

Back in the car, they drove by moonlight. Now the fells were black velvet beneath a sky of silvered mauve. Once more a nervous silence came between them. The touch of his arm against hers set her trembling. She had a terrible desire to press her face into his shoulder.

Where the Ling beck came bubbling down under the humped road bridge, he ran the car on to the grass verge and stopped. He was talking softly and jerkily.

"Mary, I've got to say this. I couldn't leave the dale and not tell you. I've got to see you again."

He heard the catch in her breathing. He said: "Having to know people for a long time is all rubbish. I knew you from the beginning. I'm trying to remember Joe. But I'm trying to forget him as well."

She whispered: "What am I going to say?"

"I'm more or less a stranger. I live so far away. . . . Mary! If my married sister invited you to stay with her, would you? Would you, please?"

"Because you . . . ?"

"Because I want you to be near me. I want you to give me a chance." His laugh was queer and strained. "Some people would say I'm playing a dirty trick on Joe. All right! Let them! It's true about all being fair in love and war. And this is as fair as it can be, fair to you, and me, and Joe."

She said in a low, taut voice: "Is it? I'm trying to believe it."

His hand came down softly over her wrist. "If you didn't care at all for me, you'd have said so. All I'm asking is for that chance. I said it didn't matter about having to know people for a long time. It doesn't, in my case. But in your——"

The struggle showed in her face, obvious and pitiful. He said quickly: "I'll say no more about it—yet. But if only you would stay with my sister for a while, and let me see you every day. There'd be theatres, and dances, and restaurants——"

She closed her eyes. She was fighting a bitter battle for Joe, a losing battle. Her impulse was to say: "Peter, there's no need for me to stay with your sister. The world with you would be wonderful."

Somehow she repressed it. The ancient dales blood in her clamoured for loyalty. But longing rebelled against it.

He said suddenly and gently: "You're tired, my dear. I'm not going to worry you again tonight."

The car slid forward, along the narrowing dale road, the stone walls starting up in detail under the headlights, and the sleeping fields clear beneath the moon. They passed Greenhow, where lambs pressed dozing against their mothers, came to the fringe of the Hollinstead fields. On a grassy slope close under a wall something twisted and writhed, grey-white below the moon.

She clutched his arm. "Stop! There's a ewe in trouble. I think it's lambing."

He pulled in by a gateway, and she got out and ran across.

When he reached her, she was stooping over the ewe with a look of imploring anguish.

"Floss! Floss, old girl!"

She turned to Peter, near-panic in her eyes. "Floss was my pet lamb: I adored her. When she grew up, she was turned out on the fells with the others. This is her first lambing. She's in dreadful pain." She was staring over the wall towards Greenhow, much nearer to them than the Hollinstead farmhouse.

"There's a light under their kitchen door. One of them must be up. Run across and ask for help."

He vaulted the wall and sprinted over to the farm. It was Joe who opened the door. He listened, and said, "Right!" and came back with Peter.

They found Mary kneeling by Floss, The ewe was gasping, and throwing back her head, and her flanks were heaving.

Joe knelt down by Mary. "Ay, she's in a bad way." His hand went under the ewe. "She's lying on stones. Must have dropped from wall. We'd best move her."

They eased Floss free of the granite fragments. She groaned, and slumped, and curved back her head again. Joe's hands were gentle. Peter was standing there, watching and wondering.

Mary looked up at him: "Don't wait for me. It might be a long while."

"But. . . ."

"There's nothing you can do. It's Joe's job. I'm staying with him. Please don't wait, Peter."

Knowing better than to argue in the crisis, Peter said good night to them and went. Mary was talking to Floss as if the ewe could understand her words.

"You'll pull through! You'll be proud of your lamb afterwards. It

Spot the Lawbreaker

See page 41

If a dog is found in a public place without a collar bearing the owner's name and address, the owner is liable to a fine of £50, says a barrister-at-law. And a dog without a collar may be treated as a stray. Then, it *must* be taken to the nearest police station. Unless the owner claims it, the finder may keep it.

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won't be long, now. There's a brave girl!"

Joe glanced over his shoulder. His face was grave. "It's going to be difficult." He looked down at the quivering fleece. "Poor old lady! There, now, bide a while."

Mary said: "Oh Joe, what are we going to do?"

He said quietly: "If she dies, it won't be my fault. But this birth's fairly racking her. I'll stay with her, Mary. You get along home. It's late."

"You don't want me to go, do you?"

"No, but. . . ."

"Then I'll stay with you."

They were there four hours before Floss delivered her lamb. Joe said he had never met such a case. As the moist young life lay on the grass, Floss tried to reach it. But she was too exhausted, and she rolled on her side, limp, quivering, her amber-brown eyes beginning to glaze.

Joe said: "Take the lamb into the kitchen. There's a box there, and a bit of blanket. It'll be all right without milk for an hour or so, in front of the fire. But as for Floss——" He sighed, and shook his head, and squatted down by her.

Mary took one stark look at the failing ewe, picked up the lamb, and carried it over to the house. She left it in the box, head and eyes peeping through the blanket, and rushed back to Joe.

FLOSS was quite still. Only her eyes flickered slightly. Joe ran his hand over the matted fleece and said: "She's nearly gone."

Mary's mouth was trembling. "Can't we do anything at all?" she implored.

"Taken all the strength out of her. What with the hard winter, and all this fighting to lamb——" He jumped up abruptly. "What a daft idiot I am! It's lime she needs. There's none in the grazing on the fells, and the lamb's taken what little she had in her. Maybe an injection of calcium will do the trick." He was over the wall and running like mad for Greenhow.

Mary crouched with her arms around the ewe. "Hang on! Oh, hang on, Floss! Joe'll be back soon. Only a few minutes, Floss. Then he'll make you well."

She was picturing Floss as a lamb, a pattering little thing of creamy silk with a black muzzle and black legs, scampering around the stackyard, rubbing up and down the stairs, playing with the cat.

She heard Joe in the distance. He came scrambling over the wall, dropped to his knees. His thick, careful hands parted the fleece. His thumb pressed against the button of the hypodermic needle. Floss gave the ghost of a jerk. Then they could do nothing but wait and hope, while the moon faded whitely into false dawn, and the blackness of the fells changed to grey.

Floss stirred, lifted her head. Her eyes were moving, and her flanks seemed to swell with a great breath. Joe's anxious face creased into a slow grin.

"She'll do!"

Mary tried to say something, and gave up trying, and her fingers caressed the long fleece.

Joe said gently: "Let her be. She'll pull round quick, now. She'll be feeding her lamb in an hour or two. Both of us could do with a cup of tea. Come on!"

They crossed to the Greenhow kitchen, and drank tea by the fire. Primrose was seeping through the false dawn, and greenery awakening over the fields. Scarves of mist, trailing on the tops of the fells, drifted and lessened, and the vast, dun barrier of the dale-head lifted itself out of darkness into terraces of grass and bracken and glinting crags. Out of the box close to the fire rose the shrill, lusty blaring of the hungry lamb.

Mary looked at Joe. He smiled back at her, a kind, sleepy, reliable smile. The next instant her face was against his chest. She was crying and saying: "Joe! This is our dale, yours and mine. And I belong to you. Oh, Joe! We belong to each other." THE END

Zoo Quest

Continued from page 19

men. Some of them were standing round the shore with bows and arrows at the ready; others were waiting on platforms they had built far out into the lake. Still more were paddling about in woodskin canoes and on rafts. But we saw no fish.

After we had chatted with them for a few minutes, they said that they had found a large, unidentified animal in a hole at the far side of the inlet. We paddled across. There were two holes close together, half in and half out of the water. Jack probed the smaller with a long stick. Immediately, there was a loud thrashing noise inside and a mass of froth shot out of the larger hole. We concluded that they were connected and that a cayman—a relative of the alligator—was inside.

Jack decided to dig it out. Climbing on to the bank, we all set to with machetes and after half an hour we could see its long, ugly snout sticking out of the water. Charles and I took up our camera position in the water. Jack borrowed a lasso and tried to snare its jaws. After half a dozen attempts, he succeeded.

The jaws were now safe. Jack tied them to one end of a long sapling. Meanwhile, the Indians continued digging and as the rest of the body appeared Jack tied this also to the sapling. Finally, we roped the cayman to one of the canoes and towed it across the lake. That night it was safe in one of Tim Vinall's cages at Letham.

Tim now had a small zoo. As in Africa, we had followed the usual practice of offering rewards to local hunters for any animals they brought us. Already we had trumpeter birds, macaws, parrots, turtles and capuchin monkeys. We decided that we could make the best use of our remaining time on the savannahs by accepting an invitation extended to us in Georgetown by Tiny McTurk, a rancher about sixty miles to the north.

Tiny McTurk lives with his wife in a wood-based, mud-brick house with a thatched roof. We found it a trifle incongruous that his magnificent dining-table, furnished with the best bone china, should rest on an uneven mud floor and still more incongruous that the dining-chairs were upturned orange-boxes. Tiny must have sensed our amusement. "I do apologize for the orange-boxes," he said. "They're not nearly so good as the ones we got before the war."

FRIENDSHIP—5

In prosperity our friends know us; in adversity we know our friends.

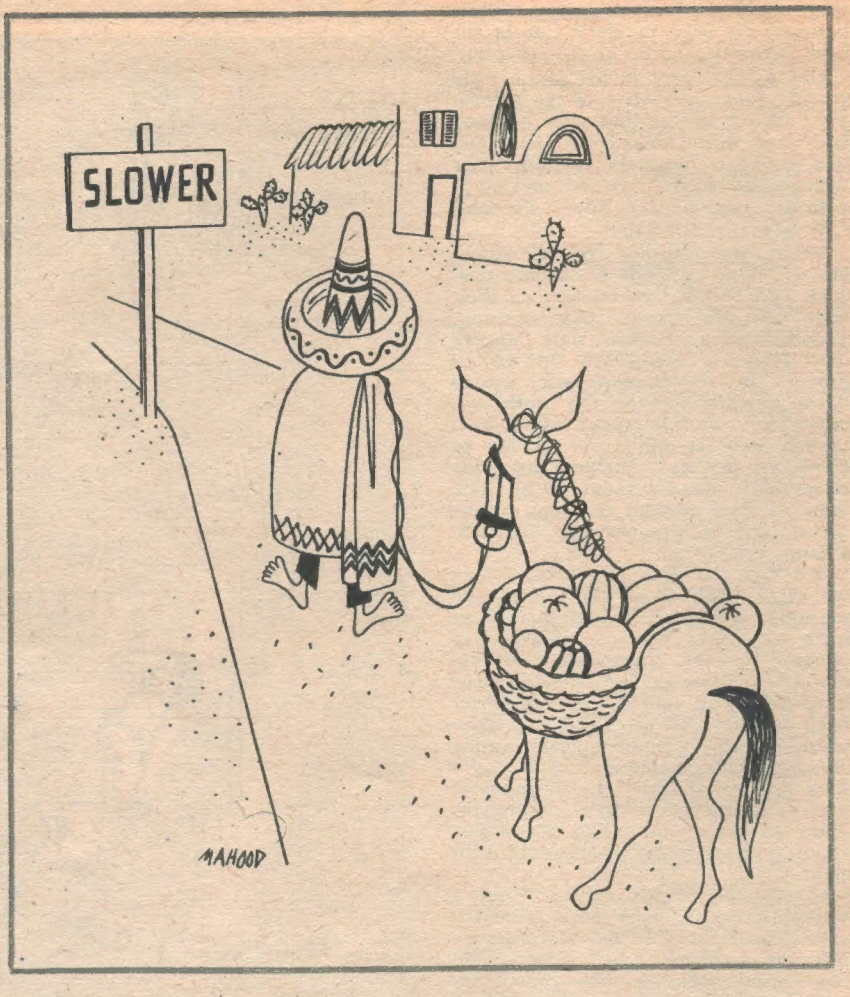
J. C. Collins

He has a tremendous reputation for toughness. When he first settled in the savannahs he had to shoot a jaguar almost every fortnight in order to keep any cattle at all. In between he had to fight gangs of brigands, who entered his territory from Venezuela.

A broad creek ran past Tiny's house and it contained arapaima, reputedly the largest fresh-water fish in the world. "Would you like to come fishing?" he asked.

We paddled to a likely spot where Tiny threw into the water half a dozen foot-long sections of log to which were attached twenty-foot lengths of cord. Each of them ended in an enormous hook baited with fish. We then retired to the bank. Tiny explained that the hooks were trailing along the bottom of the creek because the arapaima is a bottom-feeding fish.

After a few minutes, one of the floats started to bob. Tiny yelled: "That's it!" and paddled furiously to the spot. Leaning precariously out of the canoe, he seized the float with both hands and pulled hard. The arapaima was securely hooked. Handing the float to Jack so that he could play the fish, Tiny picked up a harpoon.



The arapaima was angry. It shot down the creek at an alarming speed, dragging the canoe with it. Then it started to fight. One moment, we saw a gleam of white ahead of us; the next, we felt the canoe shudder as the fish arched underneath. But Tiny was waiting. Suddenly, the fish broke surface just beside the boat and Tiny plunged his harpoon into the soft flesh. The fight was over. Pulling on both ropes, we quickly hauled it into the canoe. It was seven feet long and would provide the McTurks with the basis of many meals.

One day, we were watching a horse being broken in the corral when Tiny asked if one of us would like a ride on an apparently docile mare he was leading. Jack said he would and mounted her. She had been trained by the vaqueros to respond to touches on the side of the neck and had stirrups which accommodated only the big toes.

For a few minutes, Jack's horse ambled sedately round. Then inadvertently he gave the mare the starting signal. She galloped away violently, kicking up a cloud of dust. Jack held on desperately. After half a mile she threw him heavily. When we picked him up, we found he had two broken ribs. On the radioed advice of Dr. Cenydd Jones of Georgetown, we strapped them up with bandages. The next day, we drove back to Letham to catch the weekly plane to Georgetown.

It was essential for us to return at this time because District Officer Bill Seggar, currently in Georgetown on business, had offered to give us a lift to his district, the remote Mazaruni basin, in one of his supply planes. The Mazaruni is a river which describes a wide curve through mountainous country in the west of British Guiana. The area is covered with primeval rain forest and surrounded by a ring of mountains which, before air travel, made it highly inaccessible.

For the next three weeks, we almost lived on the river. In Bill's large power-driven canoe or in smaller woodskin craft, we would skim along between monotonous, green forest walls. When we came to rapids, we would carry our canoes bodily over the rocks. At nights, we would sling our hammocks under tarpaulins. Then, round a fire built in a riverside clearing, we would eat our evening meal, usually of European tinned food supplemented with eggs, chickens, pineapples, or bananas bought from Indian villages.

Often we walked through the forest looking for animals. Most of the light was cut off by a leafy canopy formed by the crowns of trees which grew to a height of two hundred feet. Hanging down were festoons of lianas mingled with the aerial roots of exotic plants which thrived in the treetops. Occasionally, we came on a carpet of millions of brilliantly coloured flowers which had fallen from a tree blossoming far out of our sight. Also, we heard the intermittent cries of the bell-birds which sound like the double dong of a modern electric door-bell.

ONE trip concluded in a two hours' walk through dense forest to a cliff which rose 250 feet. Round the base were hundreds of primitive paintings of hand-prints, hunting-groups and various mystical signs. No one knows who painted them or why or when. Few Europeans have seen them and the photographic record we brought back was the first ever completed.

Unfortunately, Jack was not fit to accompany Charles and me on our excursions to Indian villages, partly as a result of his fall at Tiny's, partly because of an undiagnosed disease he had picked up in Africa. During this time, he stayed behind at the Seggars' home at Kamarang Mouth and collected animals locally.

The first village Charles and I visited consisted of a dozen thatched huts built on a sandy clearing by the bank of the Kako, a tributary of the Mazaruni. For three days, we filmed the Indians making woodskin canoes, baking cassava bread and hunting with long blow-pipes. At first, the men appeared in khaki shorts and the women in flowered cotton dresses but we quickly discovered that they were wearing these for our benefit. When we explained that we preferred to see them in their usual clothes, the men changed into loin cloths and the women into diminutive bead aprons.

They were great pet-fanciers. Hunters often found parrot nests and brought back the chicks. The women would feed them by chewing cassava bread and pushing it down the chicks' throats with their tongues. When the birds grew up, their wings were clipped and

they would perch on roof-tops, waddle between the fires, or sit in one of the huts, screaming curses at the occupant.

One woman kept in her hut a fully grown agouti, a relative of the guinea-pig. She told us that her husband had once shot a female for food and had brought back its orphan. The woman had adopted it and suckled it with her own child. "Now," she said, "he is really my baby."

When we returned to Kamarang Mouth, Charles and I accompanied Jack and two Indian hunters on their trips into the forest. One morning, Jack spotted a three-toed sloth hanging from a branch about thirty feet off the ground in its characteristic upside down position. Since the sloth can move only at the speed of a slow motion film, it was easy for me to climb up the tree, unclamp its great claws and transfer them to a thick liana. I then lowered the liana to the ground and Jack popped the sloth into a large bag.

We kept the sloth in a tree. When we came back from the forest one morning, we found it had just given birth to a baby which, still wet, was clinging to the shaggy hair of its mother. Although we should have liked to bring mother and daughter back to the zoo, we knew that they would eat only a plant named cecropia which is unobtainable in England. We took them out into the forest and hooked the mother on to a low branch. After an hour and a half of patient climbing, they finally disappeared from sight.

Shortly afterwards, Charles and I visited several villages on a tributary called the Kukui. In one of these, we met the medicine man. Contrary to our expectations, he was young, intelligent, well-groomed and proud of his fine physique. One of the chiefs was dying, probably of cancer or tuberculosis. The medicine man hoped to cure him in a ceremony to be held that night.

"Can we take pictures?" I asked.

He scowled. "No pictures! Anyone who shows a light will die."

I explained what a tape-recorder was. Surprisingly, he said we could use it. All that day, I practised loading and unloading with my eyes shut.

A LARGE hut was used for the ceremony. By the light of a tiny fire, I could make out the hammocks of the sick man and his relatives. All around squatted the rest of the villagers. The medicine man was wearing a loin-cloth and held in his hand two sprigs from a tree whose leaves give a metallic rustle. He set a gourd of tobacco juice beside him and gave orders for the fire to be kicked out.

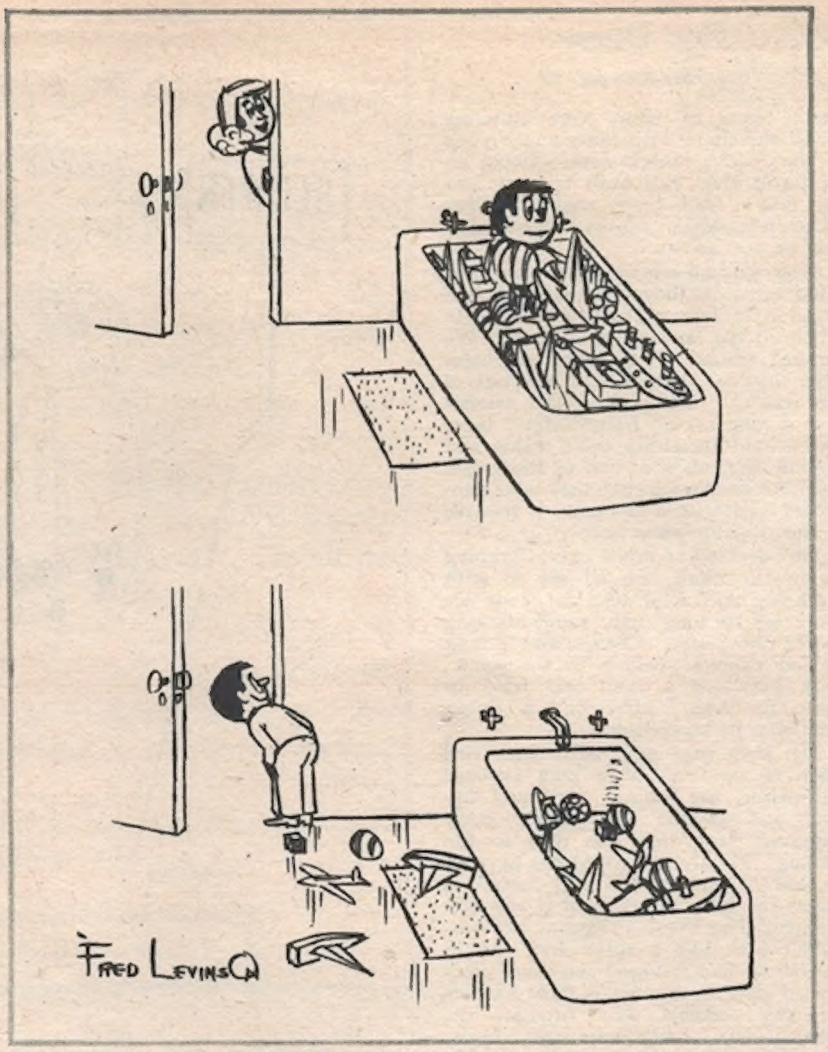
He now started singing and rustling his leaves. He was inviting the spirits to enter the hut through a hole in the roof. After half an hour, there was a noise overhead and I gathered that a spirit had lowered a liana down which he and the rest of the spirits would slide. This first spirit landed with a thump on the floor, gargled with the tobacco juice and sang a song. He then approached the chief's hammock and murmured an incantation. Shortly afterwards, we heard him shinning up the liana.

Other spirits followed—some from the hills, some from the forests, some from the coast. They were apparently well known. The villagers quickly recognized them and joined in their songs. The whole ceremony was clearly a form of entertainment. From the strangled voices of the spirits, we guessed that the medicine man was a skilful ventriloquist.

After three hours, the last spirit rustled up to the roof, drawing up the liana behind him. The medicine man laid his hand on my arm. It was still pitch dark and I felt scared. He whispered in my ear: "All is finish."

I never discovered whether the chief recovered.

On this trip, we had already bought eight pet parrots of species required by the zoo. The villagers now offered us a peccary, a sort of wild pig. Shortly afterwards, we moved to another village and tethered the peccary to a post outside our hut. In the middle of the night, one of the boys woke me up. "Sah, sah," he panted, "de pig, he go." There was nothing I could do so I went back to sleep. Suddenly, something bumped my hammock. There was a foul smell. It was the peccary.



Shouting to Charles, I leaped out of bed. The peccary shot out of the hut and across the village. We soon caught it and tied it up again, but, unfortunately, we had not had time to put on our shoes.

About a week later, we discovered swellings on our feet. We had picked up minute jigger fleas in the village sand. The females had bored their way into our skin, dug out cavities and swelled—some of them to the size of orange pips. If we left them, they would give birth to scores more jigger fleas and our feet would almost certainly turn septic. We sat on our hammocks and dug them out with pins. Charles counted twenty-seven; I had about a dozen.

For the journey back we improvised a cage for the peccary in the bows of the canoe. It attempted to escape on average every three-quarters of an hour. The first time, I had to jump into the river to recapture it. Afterwards we took it in turns to sit by its cage and thrust it back at the first sign. All the time eight brilliantly coloured parrots laughed and screamed.

All morning, black clouds had loured in the sky. It now started to rain. We were supposed to take off that day in one of Bill's supply planes but the airstrip was flooded and the plane was unable to land. For four days, it rained continuously. We radioed for an amphibian. It landed on the river and flew us back to Georgetown.

Next we decided to visit the Barima River area in the far north-west. Our expedition was makeshift in the extreme. We had no contacts and when we landed by amphibian at a tiny settlement called Mount Everard, we had to wait by the river bank until we could get a lift on a passing launch.

On the second night, we arrived in Koriabu, a small village where a diamond prospector called Brinsley MacLeod promised us a lift later in the week. Meanwhile, we found that Koriabu made an excellent centre for both filming and collecting.

One old woman kept a pair of tame capybaras, which are a sort of giant guinea-pig three feet long. The capybara is a notable swimmer and I wanted to film them in the water. For a whole morning, Charles and I tried to entice—and ultimately to chase—them into the river. The old woman just laughed. After about three hours, she realized what we wanted. "Hi!" she called to a boy of about six and gabbled something in the local dialect. He whipped off his loin-cloth and ran into the river. The capybaras lolloped after him. It turned out that they had been playmates so long that the capybaras would swim only when the boy came with them.

About seven one morning, a boy roused us with the news that an Indian had come into the village with a snake-bite. We dressed hurriedly. The man was hobbling badly. An hour before, he said, a deadly snake called the *fer de lance* had bitten him on the ankle. Without hesitation, Jack cut round the wound and sucked out the poison.

The man complained of pain in his head and legs. He was extremely ill. We gave him sleeping tablets and laid him in a hammock. We now found that one of the effects of the poison was to prevent his blood clotting. The wound dripped through the bandages. Jack applied a tourniquet. In case there was an inquest, I started to keep a medical log.

For four days, there was always one of us by his side. He lost more and more blood. Finally, his pulse went down to thirty-six. We were all very worried but there was no boat in the village which could take him down river to the hospital on the coast.

At last a launch passed the village. We stopped it and took our patient on board. We set off early in the morning and, travelling non-stop, arrived at 4 a.m. the next day.

The old Scots doctor quickly injected penicillin and anti-venine. "You've undoubtedly saved his life," he said. We then returned non-stop to Koriabu in the launch.

The real value of the Barima excursion lay in the number of animals we had been able to buy in the riverside villages we passed. When we caught the steamer back to Georgetown, we had in our cabin—besides the animals I have already mentioned—macaws, agoutis, coatimundis, toucans, tree ant-eaters, parrots and a tinamou chick. We also had the promise—which materialized—of a tapir.

Our last excursion was straightforward. We simply took a train to the attractive little town of New Amsterdam which lies near the mouth of the Canje River among the coastal swamps. Our main object was to catch a manatee, or sea-cow.

One of the first men we met in New Amsterdam was Mr. King, a large, flamboyant, frizzy-haired Negro with bushy side-whiskers and a small Homburg hat. He was a fisherman. People said he was an expert on manatees.

I asked if he could catch a manatee for us. "It is difficult," he replied. "De manatee is de mos' passionate creature. When she's caught in de net, she gets de inclination to t'row herself aroun' and den she'll bus' out of de net for sure. But I," he said, lowering his voice conspiratorially, "kin stroke de ropes of de net so dat vibrations go down to her. She likes um so much dat she jus' lies dere widout movin' an' you kin jus' haul her in."

Impressed, we hired Mr. King on the spot. Next morning, we packed stores and set off up the Canje River in a launch. We laid nets by day. We laid nets by night. We laid them when the tide was ebbing. We laid them on the flood. After three days, we had not even seen a manatee. We returned to New Amsterdam and paid Mr. King off.

ON our second trip, with a different crew, we were luckier. We cornered a manatee in a small side creek. Jack, I and some Indian helpers advanced with a net, and soon had the manatee securely entangled. She was about the size of a man and seemed docile. Just as we were hauling her ashore, she flicked her great, broad tail and broke out of the net. We quickly recaptured her. This time, we tied her tail before hauling her in.

The next problem was getting her to the zoo at Georgetown. Lying on the ground, she was limp and lifeless and would clearly have to travel in some sort of tank. "Who," I asked, "would have a tanker truck?"

Jack said: "The water board might. Why not ring them?"

The water board quickly accommodated us. An hour or so later, we treated the local urchins to the sight of a water-lorry trundling through New Amsterdam's streets with a manatee leaping and splashing in the back.

Our Zoo Quest was now over. A few days later, Charles and I flew back to London. Jack and Tim Vinall stayed behind to superintend the shipping of the animals but the boat was held up by the dock strike. Jack's illness was now very much worse. Shortly afterwards, he was flown home and his place taken by John Yealland of the London Zoo.

The second television series seemed to be liked even more than the first. We got the usual sort of letters and people stopped me in the street to ask questions or say how much they had enjoyed the programmes. It took a woman to make the most original comment.

I was looking at animals in London Zoo recently when a young woman came up to me and said: "You're David Attenborough, aren't you?" I agreed that I was. "I do like your Zoo Quests," she said. "Do you know what I admire most?" I preened myself in the expectation of some delicious feminine compliment. "Well," she said, "it's the way you get all the way to South America and back between the programmes." THE END

FRIENDSHIP—6

The mere process of growing old together will make our slightest acquaintances seem like bosom friends.

Logan Pearsall Smith

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(See "Daily Herald" on Saturday, March 31, for early news of No. 2,030 result.)

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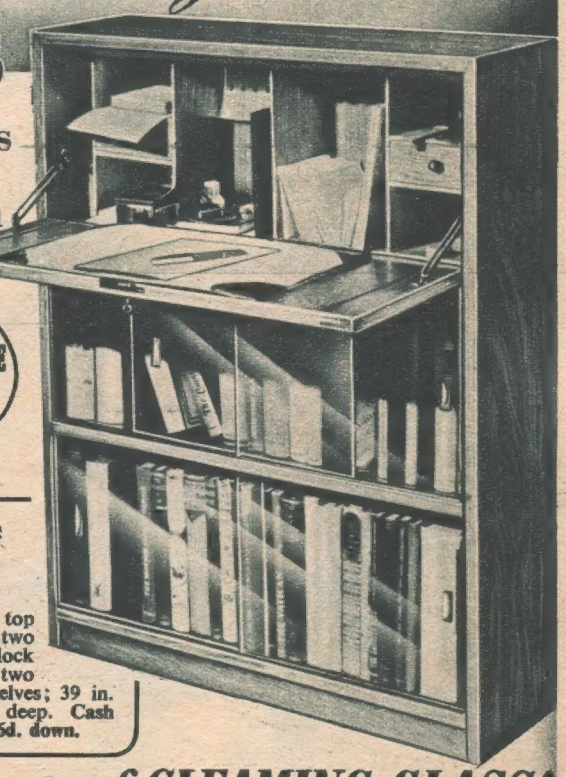

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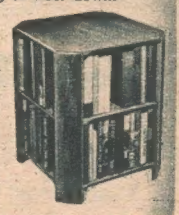

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